

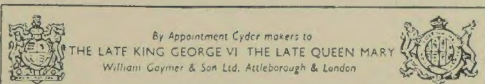
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1953.



"THE MONNA LISA OF 2600 YEARS AGO": THE LARGE AND UNIQUELY BEAUTIFUL IVORY HEAD FOUND AT NIMRUD LAST YEAR—AS IT IS NOW, CLEANED AND REPAIRED, IN THE IRAQ MUSEUM, BAGHDAD. (NATURAL SIZE).

This lovely ivory, the largest and finest carved ivory head ever found in the ancient Near East, was discovered by Professor Mallowan last year at Nimrud and reproduced in our issue of August 16, 1952, with the sludge which had preserved it still adhering to it. Of it, as it is now, cleaned and repaired, Professor M. E. Mallowan writes: "Probably made to the order of King Sargon of Assyria shortly after 720 B.C. and miraculously preserved at the bottom of a well, this supreme example of the ivory-cutter's art is still alive, a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. The head is polychrome and has matured to a warm brown tone; eyebrows, pupils and hair are stained black, the lips have a light red tint. Hollowed at the back, the mask conforms with the curvature of an exceptionally large elephant's tusk. Two of the ivory studs which once

decorated the crown and circular base have survived: the head was probably free standing, not attached to a body; it may once have adorned the back of a throne, a table, or possibly a pedestal. The face, with its smooth and ample curves, is purely Oriental in character, but the cutting of the ears, setting of the eyes and rendering of the mouth with its archaic smile, proclaim it to be the ancestor of the archaic maidens carved in stone for the Acropolis at Athens, rather more than a century later on. This ivory is therefore a landmark in the history of sculpture." Another aspect of this lovely ivory appears on page 200. Photographs of Professor Mallowan's most recent discoveries at Nimrud, which include some more remarkable ivories, together with an article by him, will appear shortly in *The Illustrated London News*.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE passing of Hilaire Belloc marks the end of an epoch in English literature. Of the great generation of writers of which he was a survivor, only Walter de la Mare now remains. All the others—Kipling, Yeats, Shaw, Chesterton, D. H. Lawrence, Galsworthy, Wells, Maurice Baring, Barrie, Joyce, Gosse, and the young poets of the First World War, who would now be old but who never grew to maturity, have become part of our history, their permanent place in it still to be assessed by an indifferent, and therefore impartial, posterity.

With the great man who for thirty-one years wrote this page, Belloc was something more than a man of letters—something more and, according to one school of thought, something less. Like Chesterton, he stood for a philosophy of life and one which was allergic to and in opposition to the thought of his own age. He was a believer in the classical values, in private freedom and European culture, in the English tradition and, above all, in the Roman Catholic Church. He loved the countryside, the market and cathedral town, wine and good fellowship and ancient places. He liked sailing boats and talking in inns. He hated bureaucrats, progress, big business, socialism and pedantry of every kind. His hatred for the latter, and the glorious bludgeon of humour with which he could, when he chose, belabour it, is immortalised in the poem with which he assailed a don who had had the temerity to attack the great-hearted romantic but not very meticulously accurate historical generalisations of his friend, Chesterton:

Remote and ineffectual Don
That dared attack my Chesterton,
With that poor weapon, half-impelled,
Unlearned, unsteady, hardly held,
Unworthy for a tilt with men—
Your quavering and corroded pen;
Don poor at Bed and worse at Table,
Don pinched, Don starved, Don
miserable;
Don stuttering, Don with roving
eyes,
Don nervous, Don of crudities; . . .
. . . Don dreadful, rasping Don and
wearing.
Repulsive Don—Don past all
bearing.
Don of the cold and doubtful
breath,
Don despicable, Don of death*

In the same poem Belloc defined the kind of dons he liked and, with him, so much else also that he loved:

those regal Dons!
With hearts of gold and lungs of
bronze,
Who shout and bang and roar and
bawl
The Absolute across the hall,
Or sail in amply billowing gown
Enormous through the Sacred
Town. . . .
. . . Dons admirable! Dons of
Might!
Uprising on my inward sight
Compact of ancient tales, and port
And sleep—and learning of a sort.
Dons English, worthy of the
land;
Dons rooted; Dons that under-
stand. . . .

It is not surprising that a man with such likes and dislikes should have been unpopular in the circles that have controlled Britain during the past half century. He was not given any public award or recognition, though on literary grounds alone he appeared to deserve the highest. Indeed, in a less tolerant age he would probably have been exiled or burnt at the stake! As it was, he spent his last years loved and admired by the faithful few, but neglected and forgotten by the many.

Yet no writer of our age, or almost of any other age, has excelled in so many different fields of letters. Who has ever written a finer description of death than the account of the end of that worthy merchant who had fallen into bad company, Emanuel Burden? A more poignant lyric than "Ha'nacker Mill"? A more uproarious farce than "Mr. Clutterbuck's Election"? Or a funnier poem than the adventures of the English private, serving the King in Flanders, who tried to woo a large but most entrancing young lady who turned out to be a sergeant in the Prussian Guard engaged on espionage? He was historian, essayist, poet, satirist, novelist, biographer, political pamphleteer, military commentator, Catholic apologist, the writer of some of the best travel-books in the language and the creator of nursery rhymes that belong to the same category as "Alice in Wonderland," the "Water Babies" and "Gulliver's Travels." Swift is, indeed, the English writer to whom he is most akin, though no one that I know of has ever pointed out the resemblance: alike in his idealism—so different in details, so similar in underlying sympathy—his disillusionment, his enchanting play of fancy, his acid wit, his fierce, corroding anger. No one

who wrote in English but Swift has ever had such power to assail the shams with bursts of Homeric, and sometimes Rabelaisian, laughter. Some of Belloc's most scathing and wittiest lines, unlike Swift's, have never been printed, for ours, though a very loose age, is a finicking and squeamish one. Though a great jester, and a wonderful companion to his chosen friends; he had none of the happy, sunny catholicism of his friend, Chesterton; he liked mankind to be as he wished it to be, and, seeing it to be far otherwise, struck at it furiously. The twentieth-century English whom he assailed merely took him as a joke. That was the unkindest cut of all.

Yet no one has ever written more tenderly and with subtler understanding of the things he loved, and he loved so much: so much, alas, that he lived to see dying or wholly dead. "There is nothing," he wrote in his fantasy, the "Four Men," half a century ago, "at all that remains; nor any house; nor any castle, however strong; nor any love, however tender and sound; nor any comradeship among men, however hardy." And then, leaving the speaker, Grizzlebeard, he described how he came home to the land of his birth, then still untouched by the imminent change and desecration that has since overwhelmed it, with so much of—and soon, one fears, all—rural England.

And who has ever written of it with more feeling for its own beauty and history?

THE "MONNA LISA" OF NIMRUD.



THE PROFILE OF THE LOVELY ASSYRIAN IVORY, WHOSE FRONT FACE APPEARS ON OUR FRONTISPIECE: CARVED ABOUT 2600 YEARS AGO AND "STILL ALIVE, A THING OF BEAUTY AND A JOY FOR EVER."

This remarkable ivory, nearly 6½ ins. high and the largest and finest carved ivory head to be found in the ancient Near East, was found last year by Professor Mallowan at Nimrud. This masterpiece of the age of Sargon has now been restored to its pristine condition by the skilled hands of Sayyis Akram Shukri, of the Iraq Antiquities Department. A few of the lower ringlets of hair were missing, as well as a part of the surface of the nose, which has been made good. It was found in a well, and large lumps of sludge, which had hardened to the consistency of cement, had imprisoned the back and sides, thus preventing the formation of vertical cracks which would almost certainly have caused it to disintegrate.

It was in the grove above Lavington, near the mounds where they say old kings are buried, that I, still following the crest of my hills, felt the full culmination of all the twenty tides of mutability which had thus run together to make a skerry in my soul. I saw and apprehended, as a man sees or touches a physical thing, that nothing of our sort remains, and that even before my country should cease to be itself I should have left it. . . . Eastward into the night for fifty miles stretched on the wall of the Downs, and it stretched westward towards the coloured sky where a full but transfigured daylight still remained. Southward was the belt of the sea, very broad, as it is from these bare heights, and absolutely still; nor did any animal move in the brushwood near me to insult the majesty of that silence. Northward before me and far below swept the Weald.

The haze had gone; the sky was faint and wintry, but pure throughout its circle, and above the Channel hung largely the round of the moon, still pale, because the dark had not yet come.

But though she had been worshipped so often upon such evenings and from such a place, a greater thing now moved and took me from her, and turning round I looked north from the ridge of the steep escarpment over the plain to the rivers and the roofs of the Weald. I would have blessed them had I known some form of word or spell which might convey an active benediction, but as I knew none such, I repeated instead the list of their names to serve the place of a prayer. . . .

The River Arun, a valley of sacred water; and Amberley Wild brook, which is lonely with reeds at evening; and Burton Great House, where I had spent a night in November; and Lavington also and Hidden Byworth; and Fittleworth next on, and Egdean Side, all heath and air; and the lake and the pine trees at the mill; and Petworth, little town.

All the land which is knit in with our flesh, and yet in which a man cannot find an acre nor a wall of his own. . . .

I knew as this affection urged me that verse alone would satisfy something at least of that irremediable desire. I lay down therefore at full length upon the short grass which the sheep also love, and taking out a little stump of pencil that I had, and tearing off the back of a letter, I held my words prepared. . . .

He does not die that can bequeath
Some influence to the land he knows,
Or dares, persistent, interweave
Love permanent with the wild hedgerows;
He does not die, but still remains
Substantiate with his darling plains.

The spring's superb adventure calls
His dust athwart the woods to flame;
His boundary river's secret falls
Perpetuate and repeat his name.
He rides his loud October sky;
He does not die. He does not die.

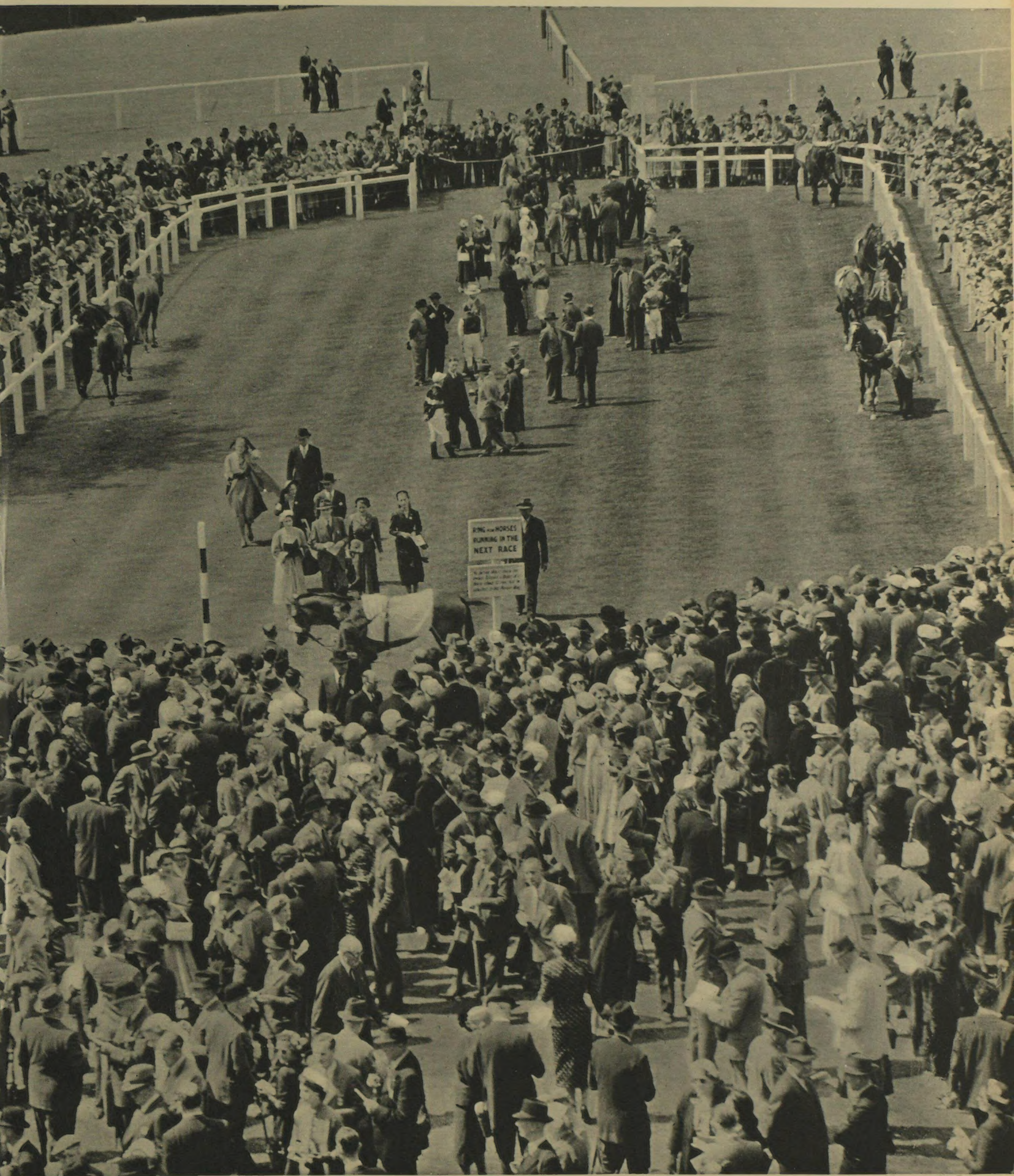
The beeches know the accustomed head
Which loved them, and a peopled air
Beneath their benediction spread
Comforts the silence everywhere;
For native ghosts return and these
Perfect the mystery in the trees.

So, therefore, though myself be crosst
The shuddering of that dreadful day
When friend and fire and home are lost
And even children drawn away—
The passer-by shall hear me still,
A boy that sings on Duncton Hill.†

No man wrote a truer epitaph of himself or one more likely to be remembered when even the memory of what he loved is thistledown.

* "Verses," by H. Belloc, 71-2. (Duckworth.)

† "The Four Men," by H. Belloc, 304-10. (Nelson.)



THE QUEEN AT CORONATION YEAR GOODWOOD : HER MAJESTY WATCHING HORSES PARADE BEFORE A RACE ON THE OPENING DAY.

Goodwood has always been one of the most popular meetings of the flat-racing season, important both from the sporting and from the social points of view, and the charm of the setting, high up on the Sussex Downs, adds to the pleasure of racing there. Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were last week the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon at Goodwood House; and were able to combine racing with polo. On the first day of the meeting the Queen went racing, and saw *Palpitate* (owned and trained by Mr. F. Armstrong) win the Stewards' Cup in a photo-finish on a fresh, sunny day.

She paid several visits to the paddock and watched the horses parade before the races; and at the close of the programme drove over to Ambersham, near Cowdray Park, to watch the Duke of Edinburgh play polo. On the second day both her Majesty and the Duke went to the races, and his Royal Highness left about four o'clock for Cowdray Park to play polo. After the last race the Queen drove to Cowdray and saw him play two games. On the third day her Majesty also went to Goodwood Races and saw her Ascot winner, *Choir Boy*, run fourth in the Drayton Handicap. The winner was Mr. S. Joel's *Lepanto*, with *Polar Jett* second.

THE population of New Zealand is small, and the country put its main war effort into the fine division which served in Africa and Italy. It also made a large naval and air contribution, the latter of which grew rapidly. Sufficient man-power remained to form another division for service in the Pacific, but not to provide adequate reserves for that theatre, or even to maintain the division in Europe, which suffered heavy losses, while the division in the Pacific was kept in being. The latter might possibly have been kept going on a low establishment but for another factor, the demand for New Zealand's agricultural products, which could not be prevented from decreasing except by the withdrawal of men from the forces. The result was that the 3rd New Zealand Division in the Pacific did not have a long life. In the first sentence of his foreword to the history of New Zealand's contribution to the war in the Pacific the author remarks that the record will "in a modest way reveal achievements which have not yet been adequately appreciated."

If this Pacific war effort has not been adequately appreciated, it must also be said that the political background has not been fully understood. It could hardly have been but for the revelations made in this volume, and which form one of its most valuable features. It is a salutary experience for us in this country to read the first chapter, entitled "Japan—Rise and Conquest." In it we see how the period between the two Great Wars looked to the New Zealand Government and its military advisers. Almost as interesting is the account of the period between the outbreak of the Second World War and the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour. "The fall of France shattered British Commonwealth defence in the Pacific." Yet New Zealand had been anxious from the 'twenties and had protested against the cutting of expenditure by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald each time he came into office, on the ground that the foreign policy of Britain was to "allay international suspicions and anxieties." A sense of nakedness was created by Japan's policy in the mandates which she secured after the First World War, and it proved only too well justified.

Political revelations appear also in the war period. After the appearance of Japan as a belligerent, Australia brought her land forces home, though not all at once. The question then arose whether the 2nd New Zealand Division should be withdrawn from the Mediterranean. Both Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt requested with vigour that it should remain. Lieut.-General (now Lord) Freyberg was of the same mind. The return of the division would have been a matter of difficulty owing to the strain on shipping. The troops in the Mediterranean had little desire to move to the Pacific, even though this would have meant fighting nearer home, because they feared malaria more than German bullets. The Government was fully aware of the arguments in favour of keeping

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

NEW ZEALAND IN THE PACIFIC WAR.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

solely upon the consideration mentioned. However, when the New Zealand Government came to a decision contrary to Mr. Curtin's view the two sides tacitly reached an understanding not to discuss the matter further. The 2nd New Zealand Division remained in the Mediterranean, though had the war with Japan lasted longer, it would doubtless have seen action in the Pacific. The 3rd New Zealand Division in the Pacific was perforce broken up.

This division had been built round a core established some time before Japan entered the war. Before it broke out, indeed, New Zealand had decided that Fiji was not only her own immediate outpost of defence but also a strategic key-point. On June 5, 1940, she decided to raise and train a brigade group for the purpose, and this arrived in Fiji by November. She also undertook work on three airfields. The first commitment was invaluable in the circumstances, though it proved to be unnecessary, because Japan never launched an attack on Fiji. She had included the group in her programme, but events elsewhere forced her to cancel the project. The airfield construction was a very important contribution to the

and that the 2nd New Zealand Division was maintained to do brilliant work in Italy, no one can carp at this record. The situation was embarrassing, because New Zealand wanted to take a bigger part in the Pacific, but at the same time would not recall the 2nd Division. Pace the late Mr. Curtin, it seems that this decision was creditable to her.

Accounts of the service of the Royal New Zealand Navy and Royal New Zealand Air Force are included in the volume. The former included the famous cruiser *Achilles* which, early in the war, had taken part in the action of the River Plate. She and the cruiser *Leander*, fighting under American command, were damaged off Guadalcanal and Kolombangara respectively. Some of the New Zealand corvettes performed notable service. The R.N.Z.A.F. started with virtually nothing. The force available in Fiji to begin with consisted of four aircraft which had formerly served a civil air-line in New Zealand, with one for training purposes. Its main duty was to investigate the reports of keen but untrained Fijian coast-watchers. At the time of the Pearl Harbour attack the total strength, in addition to this, was half-a-dozen *Vincents*. By the end of February 1944, New Zealand's No. 1 (Islands) Group had reached a strength of nine squadrons. It was in process of expansion to a strength of twenty squadrons when the war ended.

The remainder of the book seems a little scrappy, but this could hardly have been avoided. There are chapters on coast-watching, on Fiji units in action—they undertook with credit some guerilla jungle warfare—and on the smaller garrisons on Fanning Island, Tonga and Norfolk Island. In a final chapter entitled "Reflections," the writer suggests that too many formations and headquarters were maintained in New Zealand itself. He also points out that the 3rd Division, consisting of only two infantry brigades, was not interchangeable with an American division. Its fate was, therefore, to be employed in detachments in small affairs, which, though of importance from the strategic point of view, were tactically among the minor episodes of the Pacific War and had no glitter. That the 3rd Division should have survived to the end was an impossibility anyhow, but it would seem that wiser use of resources and a bolder view of the defence of New Zealand itself, as part of a strategic whole, might have enabled it to serve for an important period as a division at full strength and perhaps to have lived a rather longer life.

It will be gathered from the above that the narrative contains even more food for thought for statesmen than for soldiers, sailors and airmen. It seems to me that one of the most significant concerns the relations of the commander of a force such as the 3rd Division,



BOMBING JAPANESE BARGES CONCEALED ON THE SHORE: A RAID BY 30 N.Z. INFANTRY BATTALION ON NISSAN ISLAND.

"The Green Islands Group, a coral atoll lying midway between Rabaul and Buka . . . served as a staging depot for Japanese barge traffic operating between those two bases to maintain the enemy garrison contained on Bougainville. It consisted of Nissan, the largest island, and two smaller ones." In December 1943 it was suggested that the Islands should be seized as a base on which airfields could be constructed. The operation was given the code name of *Squarepeg*, and command was vested in Major-General H. E. Barrowclough. It was successfully carried out in 1944.

war effort. New Zealand's declaration of war with Japan was quickly followed by preparations to increase the force in Fiji to two brigades, and a two-brigade division, known as the 3rd New Zealand, was formed. On relief by American troops—lavishly equipped by comparison with their predecessors—New Zealand officers and other ranks remained with the Fiji Defence Force.

The division had a brief but not unimportant spell of fighting service. It carried out three island actions—Vella Lavella, in September 1943, with the 14th Brigade; Mono, in the Treasury Islands, in October, with the 8th Brigade; and Nissan, Green Islands, in February 1944, with the 14th. These operations were well conducted. They earned the praise of the United States Command, and Admiral Halsey, in particular, was very appreciative of the conduct of the New Zealand troops. The horrible conditions, the all-pervading mud, the swarms of reptiles and stinging insects were, however, more formidable than the Japanese. The defence was trifling in strength. At Mono, for example, New Zealand and American landing strength must have been six or seven times that of the minute garrison of odds and ends, and the total strength available something like ten times. The Americans had experienced the trouble caused by the landing of Japanese reinforcements on Guadalcanal and were taking no risks in this respect. In the dense jungle and forest only small forces ever came into contact with the Japanese, but these on one or two occasions suffered substantial casualties.

The division never fought as a formation, and was, as has been stated, disbanded. In view of the limited character of the operations, this might seem an unexciting record, but, as has been explained, the division represented the country's marginal output of military man-power. New Zealand's man-power effort, looked at as a whole, was great. At the end of the year 1943, the strengths of the three Services were as follows: Navy, 5000 in New Zealand ports and the Pacific theatres, 3500 in other theatres; Army, 30,500 in the Mediterranean theatre, 19,600 in the South Pacific theatre; Air Force, 30,000 in New Zealand and the Pacific, 4000 in Europe, 4000 in Canada and India. Taking into consideration the fact that the British Government was so insistent on the need for the production of meat and butter, as also that the Navy and Air Force were maintained at their highest strength



IN NEW CALEDONIA, WHERE DURING NINE MONTHS OF GARRISON DUTY 3 DIVISION FITTED ITSELF FOR THE SOLOMONS CAMPAIGN: THE COOKHOUSE OVENS, 37 N.Z. BATTALION, TAOM.

"New Caledonia, where during nine months of garrison duty 3 Division fitted itself for the Solomon campaign and established its base for those operations, lies 1000 miles north of New Zealand and 700 miles east of Australia; with its southern tip just over the Tropic of Capricorn." Taom was the H.Q. of the 14th Brigade.

the division in the Mediterranean. On the other hand, it realised that there were some arguments at least for its eventual return. The question was not one of the defence of New Zealand and her island territories alone; it was necessary also to look at the future with reference to the situation of New Zealand as a political force in the Pacific. Finally, the special relations between New Zealand and Australia had to be considered.

This last problem brought about a situation of some delicacy. The Australian Government had called its troops back and considered that the 2nd New Zealand Division should do the same thing. Mr. Curtin expressed himself "rather violently" on the subject. He took the line that for every New Zealand soldier who remained in the Mediterranean an extra Australian soldier would have to be called up. To an outsider it would appear that the attitude which he assumed was unjustifiable, and that it was not based



ON A TRANSPORT IN NOUMEA HARBOUR, NEW CALEDONIA: MAJOR-GENERAL RUSH B. LINCOLN, BRIGADIER L. G. GOSS, BRIGADIER C. S. J. DUFF, MAJOR-GENERAL H. E. BARROWCLOUGH, COLONEL J. M. THWIGG, CAPTAIN OF THE TRANSPORT, COLONEL J. I. BROOKE, AND THE HON. F. JONES, MINISTER OF DEFENCE. (L. TO R.)

Illustrations from "The Pacific," the book reviewed on this page; by courtesy of the publishers, the War History Branch, Department of Internal Affairs, Wellington, New Zealand.

and forces attached to it, with the Government. General Freyberg, in the Mediterranean, could communicate with the New Zealand Government on policy and the employment of the troops under his command, and did so frequently. Major-General Barrowclough, commanding the 3rd Division, and frequently considerable numbers of American troops besides, had no such authority. "Only in the most exceptional circumstances was Barrowclough permitted to communicate direct with the Prime Minister, and, except in the gravest emergency, he could not employ his force without reference to New Zealand." If it be argued that this was in accordance with strict military tradition, the answer must be that the effect seems to have been, not to give the employment of the forces a more military aspect, but, on the contrary, to accentuate the political aspect. General Barrowclough had a very hard task, though it was pleasantly eased by the confidence which American commanders placed in him. "Never once was his authority questioned, nor did New Zealand question American authority." This is a happy note on which to end my study of the history.

THE FRENCH RETURN TO LANGSON: A BRILLIANT PARACHUTE RAID ON A COMMUNIST VIET-MINH BASE.



(LEFT.) DURING THE DARING AND SUCCESSFUL RAID BY FRENCH AND VIETNAMESE PARACHUTE TROOPS ON THE COMMUNIST BASE AT LANGSON, ABOUT 1000 AUTOMATIC RIFLES OF THIS TYPE WERE DESTROYED.



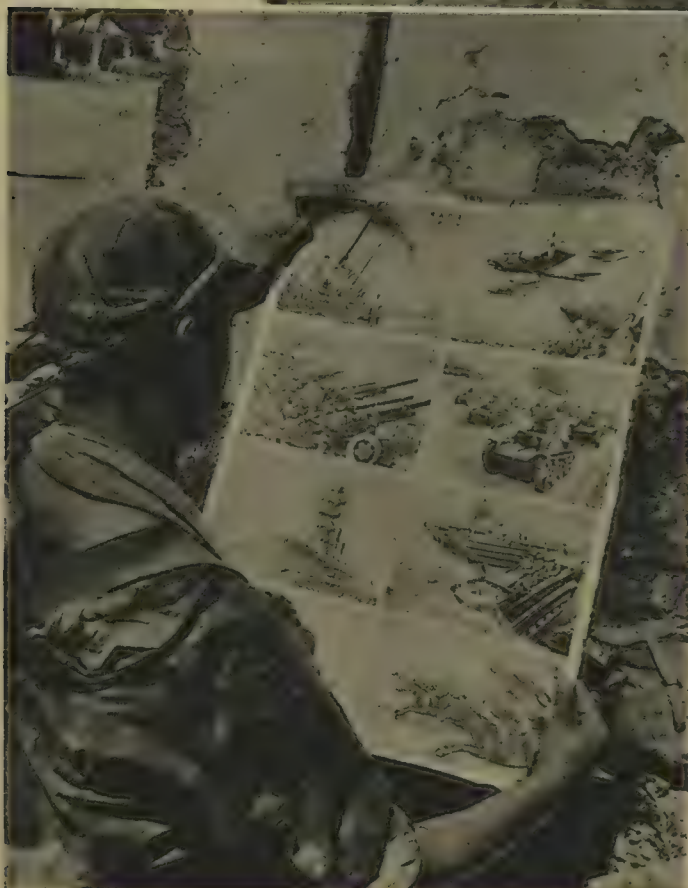
(RIGHT.) THE BUILD-UP OF OPERATION HIRONDELLE, THE FRENCH PARACHUTE RAID ON LANGSON. ABOUT 5000 TROOPS WERE DROPPED, OVER 100 AIRCRAFT BEING USED FOR THEM AND THEIR SUPPLIES.

IN October 1950 the French were forced to abandon Langson, a point of great strategic importance near the Tongking-China border. On July 17 they returned suddenly in force and demolished what had become a vital Communist base. About 5000 French and Vietnamese parachute troops were dropped there by about 100 aircraft, and brushing aside slight resistance set systematically to destroy the great quantities of military material stored there and received by the Communist Viet-minh from China. In all about 5000 tons were destroyed, including about 1000 automatic rifles and about 3000 cub. ft. of explosives and ammunition. The

[Continued below, right.]



(RIGHT.) A VIVID PICTURE OF THE TENSION OF THE SUCCESSFUL RAID: FRENCH AND VIETNAMESE PARACHUTE TROOPS ASSEMBLING ENEMY STORES IN A CAVE FOR DEMOLITION.



A PROPAGANDA BROADSHEET FOUND DURING THE LANGSON RAID AND OBVIOUSLY DESIGNED TO IMPRESS THE READER WITH THE MASS AND QUALITY OF COMMUNIST CHINESE MIGHT.



THE PRINCIPAL ITEM OF ENEMY MATERIAL DESTROYED WAS ABOUT 1000 AUTOMATIC RIFLES, MANY STILL IN FACTORY PACKING, BUT QUANTITIES OF AMMUNITION AND EXPLOSIVES WERE ALSO DESTROYED.

[Continued.] few casualties of this force in Operation Hironnelle were evacuated by helicopter, and the main body withdrew by foot to link up with a relieving force at Naba (inland from Tienyen); and the whole operation, which had destroyed about three months' supplies from Communist China, was completed, with complete success and trifling loss, within forty-eight hours from the first dropping of the troops.

AN ENGLISH GENIUS AS INVENTIVE AS LEONARDO.

"WREN THE INCOMPARABLE"; By MARTIN S. BRIGGS.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.



MR. MARTIN SHAW BRIGGS, F.R.I.B.A., THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Martin S. Briggs is a Vice-President and a Prizeman of the Royal Institute of British Architects and a lecturer in the Bartlett School of Architecture at University College, London. He has now retired from active architectural practice and is mainly occupied in literary work. He is the author of "In the Heel of Italy," "Baroque Architecture," "Goths and Vandals" and many other books.

Mr. Briggs's at this time. For one thing, he has the twenty impressive volumes of the Wren Society, which began publication in 1924, to draw on; for another he has the new and melancholy task of recording the destruction to Wren's buildings by German explosives and incendiaries. He has done his work thoroughly well, in the spirit of a devout admirer who is not an indiscriminating eulogist; and he has drawn industriously on all the available authorities.

I used the word "biography." But he has little to say about Wren's private life; and, I think, nothing new. Wren lived until ninety. He was certainly no recluse, moving freely in the courtly and intellectual circles of his day, being a founder and frequenter of the Royal Society, a Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, Surveyor of the King's Works, and, from time to time, a Member of Parliament. He was a close friend of John Evelyn and Hooke, both of whom kept diaries; he was twice married to women of good family, both of whom bore him children; his son Christopher, also an architect, wrote memorials of him; and there are several portraits of him. Yet, of this great man, as he walked and talked, we get few glimpses. "*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*," wrote his son in the epitaph in St. Paul's: his biography is almost in the same case as his monument; his work must take the place of his "life." The man himself, beyond his incessant activities and achievements, appears very little except in one charmingly whimsical letter to his first wife, and a few mild anecdotes, and is a discreet, polite, beautifully-mannered, classical shade.

"E. Clerihew," in his brief biography, wrote:

Sir Christopher Wren
Said: "I am going to
dine with some men;
If anybody calls,
Say I am designing
St. Paul's."

He probably dined with "some men" frequently; but the men, in all likelihood, were usually clients, colleagues, or scientific collaborators. He was always "on the job"; his output was enormous; and, even after he gave up pure science for the practice of architecture, he must always have been doing a great many jobs at the same time. Possibly he attempted more than one man could achieve. There were defects about the construction of St. Paul's. He had very thoroughly studied the strata of ground on the site before he started building; and he laid down the law that "in cramping of stones no iron should lye within nine inches of the air." But he relied too much on a thin layer of pot-earth, and some of his iron was used within 2 or 3 ins. of the surface, and so corroded and fractured the masonry. He wasn't responsible for all the damage that has had to be repaired in our time. As Mr. Briggs says: "Besides these structural defects, for which Wren must be held responsible, he could not have foreseen other causes of subsequent damage, such as the construction of underground railways and sewers, draining off the porous soil above the London Clay; and for the effects of these he must be exonerated." That apart, it could hardly be expected that a designer

of his tremendous genius, fertility and artistic ambition could spend half a lifetime wholly on the supervision of one structure, however august. "None of his biographers," says Mr. Briggs, "seems to have pointed out that the responsibility for such an immense undertaking was a 'full-time job' for any man, even for a man of great ability and energy; whereas Wren was carrying out so much other work on a large scale during those thirty-five years that, conscientious as he was, St. Paul's cannot have occupied more than a share of his working hours." But that doesn't mean he ever got slack on it. To the end of his life (apart from asking for his unfairly delayed salary) he was arguing about details; he resisted a balustrade, for example, with the lively comment for a man of



"ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: THE 'WARRANT DESIGN,' WREN'S THIRD PROJECT FOR AN ENTIRELY NEW CATHEDRAL.

"Modern critical opinion on this so-called 'Warrant Design'—Wren's third project for an entirely new cathedral, or fourth if one includes his 'Pre-Fire Design'—is uniformly unfavourable; and no wonder! The conception is so feeble, so bizarre, whether compared with the cathedral as we see it to-day or with the 'Great Model,' that some of his biographers have tried to explain it away. . . ."

All Souls' Collection.

eighty-four that: "Ladies think nothing well without an edging." And when he was too old and frail to climb to the top of his masterpiece, he was hoisted up in a basket. He may on that occasion have remembered Michael Angelo lying flat



"ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, 'THE GREAT MODEL': PROBABLY THE LARGEST, MOST ELABORATE AND MOST HIGHLY FINISHED EXAMPLE OF ARCHITECTURAL MODEL-MAKING EVER CONSTRUCTED."

"Records prove that in September 1673 Wren had begun work on the so-called 'Great Model,' his third completed design . . . and on November 12 of the same year it was approved by the King. . . . Yet this splendid conception has come to be known as the 'Rejected Design' because it did not please the Duke of York and the ecclesiastics and was superseded by another design within two years. The 'Great Model' . . . is probably the largest, most elaborate and most highly finished example of architectural model-making ever constructed. . . . It is made of oak to the scale of 1 in. to 1 ft., measures about 20 ft. in length. . . ."

Artists Illustrators, Ltd.

on his back in a slung cradle, painting the Sistine ceiling.

Well: for his monument we may "look around," not merely at St. Paul's, but at many another noble building, large and small, in London and beyond it. Had all his visions come to fruition England might almost have been colloquially known as "Wrenland." He wanted to pull down the whole of Hampton Court (with the exception of the Great Hall which, no doubt, he would have refronted) and erect there a Versailles. He wanted to turn Whitehall Palace into a Versailles; he wanted (and the ageing Charles II. would have backed him in this, had time stood still and money been available) to build another Versailles at Winchester. A part of that Palace was built: then came the War Office, then came fire, and then came the War Office again. "Nothing now remains of one of his most successful and magnificent buildings." But, although many of his plans were frustrated, and although English vandals and German airmen have reduced to a moiety the City Churches which he built

after the Great Fire (some of them were saved from Bishop Winnington-Ingram, who wanted to sell the sites, only to be obliterated by the Luftwaffe), there is still a vast amount of his creation remaining for our wonder and delight.

This greatest of English architects since the Reformation—the qualification must be made, because before that Henry Yevele and others raised the noblest edifices which remain to us—still so pervades the country and our minds that almost any building, large or small, ecclesiastical or lay, of his time which has any merits, tends to be ascribed to Wren. It is rather bad luck on his contemporaries, pupils or not: but probably sensible in a way. As Tennyson remarked: "All can grow the flower now, for all have got the seed." Mr. Briggs is careful about the evidence as to Wren's involvement in each doubtful building; but it doesn't much matter. His influence was pervasive. Inigo Jones was the first wave; Wren was the second and far more overwhelming.

In a way it is just as well that Wren didn't get his way always. He wouldn't have hesitated to pull down any of the mediæval and Tudor buildings which are now our chief pride. He was a cool, reasonable, engineering mathematician with a feeling for proportion and graceful detail: he had no understanding of the wild passion of the Ages of Faith which gave us the great cathedrals, or even of the tender homeliness which produced the early Tudor colleges and houses before Palladio came in with the pediments and the porticoes, the pillars and the pilasters. He did, on occasion, attempt to add to a "Gothick" building in a "Gothick" style; he even erected "Gothick" buildings himself. He is not responsible, as is sometimes alleged, for the stone-dead towers of Westminster Abbey. But he was prepared, before Old St. Paul's was burnt down, to adorn it with a most monstrous cupola, as an additional adornment to the portico which Inigo had designed. Had all his dreams come true, England would have been one vast Versailles, mitigated with smaller buildings in the same style and spirit.

But we don't want to lose any more of what he left: and there is a great deal. The finest design he made for it was never used: it lives in a model. But as it stands, even those who think it lacking in religious sense and regard it as a magnificent Town Hall must admit it as fine an example of Renaissance architecture as exists. There is Hampton Court; there is Chelsea Hospital; there is Greenwich Hospital; there is St. Stephen's, Walbrook; there are buildings at Oxford and Cambridge, including that Trinity Library which can certainly challenge Sansovino's famous one in Venice; there are scattered houses and almshouses, and everywhere there is evidence of his close collaboration with sculptors and woodworkers.

As for his interests beyond architecture, he was as curious, universal and inventive as Leonardo. There is a list here of his early inventions: they include improvements in fortification (cf. Leonardo), ways of submarine navigation, a speaking Organ, articulating Sounds, New Ways of Printing, Easier Ways of Whale-Fishing, Probable Ways of Making Fresh-Water at Sea, and even Divers Improvements in the Art of Husbandry. He devised means also for dating eclipses and ascertaining the longitude. If only Mr. Pepys had bothered to record a little more about him.

The illustrations are numerous and good. They include some drawings of Wren's own. Some people have said that he couldn't draw. Very likely he couldn't draw the human figure; very likely he didn't want to. But to my eye his drawings appear adequate, to say the least.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 228 of this issue.

* "Wren the Incomparable." By Martin S. Briggs. Illustrated. (Allen and Unwin; 35s.)

THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET SAIL TO THE SERVICE AT ST. BENET'S ABBEY.

ON Sunday, August 2, after unveiling a memorial to the nine men of Sandringham village and estate who died in the last war, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother with Princess Margaret and the Princess Royal took luncheon with Mr. Edward Seago, the artist, at Ludham, and subsequently sailed up the Bure in his yacht *Capricorn* to attend the annual open-air service at the site of the ruined St. Benet's Abbey. This service, for holiday-makers on the Broads, was taken by the Bishop of Norwich, who is the titular Abbot of St. Benet's; and for this service he had sailed down from Wroxham in a fifty-year-old wherry, *Solace*, sitting up for'ard in his cope and golden vestments, with his pastoral crook in his hand. The Bishop preached the sermon and a special prayer of thanksgiving was offered for the armistice in Korea. A farm-cart was used as the pulpit and there was a congregation of about a thousand. There were very many boats taking part in the journeys to and from the service, and during it white sails could be seen moving against the sky at all points of the horizon.



(ABOVE.) SAILING UP THE BURE TO THE ST. BENET'S ABBEY SERVICE: (RIGHT TO LEFT FROM THE BOWS) THE QUEEN MOTHER, PRINCESS MARGARET, MR. EDWARD SEAGO AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL. (BELOW.) THE OPEN-AIR SERVICE, WITH THE BISHOP OF NORWICH ON THE FARM-CART, AND THE ROYAL PARTY IN FRONT OF THE HARMONIUM.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S ACTIVE LIFE:
POLO, FLYING, AND OFFICIAL DUTIES.



(ABOVE.) PLAY-
ING FOR THE
COWDRAY PARK
TEAM: H.R.H.
THE DUKE OF
EDINBURGH
AS A POLO
PLAYER.

THE QUEEN AT COWDRAY PARK TO SEE THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH PLAYING POLO: LORD
PLUNKET IS HELPING HER MAJESTY WITH HER COAT; LORD AND LADY COWDRAY ON THE LEFT.



AFTER HAVING, EARLIER IN THE DAY, REVIEWED THE PASSING-OUT PARADE
AT THE R.A.F. COLLEGE AND PILOTED HIS AIRCRAFT TO
CRANWELL AND TO TANGMERE: THE DUKE PLAYING POLO.



AT THE CONTROLS OF THE DEVON AIRCRAFT IN WHICH HE PILOTED HIMSELF TO CRANWELL, AND THEN
TO TANGMERE AFTER HAVING REVIEWED THE PASSING-OUT
PARADE: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



AT CRANWELL: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, IN UNIFORM
AS A MARSHAL OF THE R.A.F., PRESENTING THE QUEEN'S
MEDAL TO FLT. CADET UNDER-OFFICER J. M. HENDERSON.



PRESENTING THE SWORD OF HONOUR TO FLT. CADET UNDER-
OFFICER P. G. COCK AT THE R.A.F. COLLEGE, CRANWELL, AFTER
TAKING THE SALUTE AT THE PARADE: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



PRESENTING THE MEDAL OF HONOUR TO FLT. CADET
UNDER-OFFICER N. A. PARKER: THE DUKE OF EDIN-
BURGH AT THE R.A.F. COLLEGE, CRANWELL, ON JULY 28.

The active life led by his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh is well illustrated by the photographs reproduced on this page. On July 28 he piloted his aircraft, a twin-engined R.A.F. *Devon*, to the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, Lincs., to take the salute at the passing-out parade of cadets. In an admirable address to the cadets he pointed out that officers should try and see the defence organisation of this country as part of the broad picture of national and international conditions. He then presented the awards; planted a commemorative

tree and inspected the staff of the flying wing. After lunch he watched a flying display, and mingled with the cadets; and then took off in his aircraft and, piloting himself, flew to Tangmere. From Tangmere he drove to Cowdray Park and Ambersham, where he played polo. On the following day his Royal Highness attended Goodwood races with the Queen, and at about four o'clock drove over to Cowdray to play for Cowdray Park in the Junior Tournament against the Cotswold Park side; before going to Goodwood House.

HUMAN ACHIEVEMENT, A MEMORIAL, A ROYAL GIFT, AND A ROMAN PAVEMENT.



BEFORE LANDING AT FAIRFORD, GLOS.: THE U.S. B 47 JET BOMBER WHICH SET UP A NEW RECORD OF AN AVERAGE SPEED OF 615 M.P.H. ON AN ATLANTIC CROSSING.

On July 28 a United States *Boeing B.47* six-engined jet bomber set up a record average speed of 615 m.p.h. on an Atlantic crossing. It flew the 3120 miles from Limestone, Maine, to Fairford in 4 hrs. 46 mins. In June a B.47 flew from Limestone to Fairford at an average speed of 575 m.p.h.



AFTER SETTING UP A NEW BRITISH NATIONAL GLIDING RECORD: FLT.-LT. ALAN PIGGOTT, CHIEF FLYING INSTRUCTOR, HOME COMMAND GLIDING INSTRUCTORS' SCHOOL, AIR TRAINING CORPS.

Flt.-Lt. A. Piggott set up a new British national gliding record of 15,800 ft. for gain of height in a multisearer sailplane at Great Hucklow on July 27 in the *Sedburgh* two-seat training sailplane entered by the Home Command Gliding Instructors' School A.T.C. Cadet Sgt. Whately, of Mitcham A.T.C. squadron, was his passenger.



BRITAIN CAPTURES A RELAY WORLD RECORD: (L. TO R.) C. J. CHATAWAY; D. C. SEAMAN; R. G. BANNISTER AND G. W. NANKEVILLE, WHO WON THE FOUR-BY-ONE-MILES RELAY RACE. On August 1, these four British milers captured between them one of the most coveted of all world records when they won the four miles relay race at the White City in the joint time of 16 mins. 41 secs. This was 1'8 secs. faster than that of the Swedish four at Stockholm in 1949.



THE BRITISH RESERVE TEAM WHO BROKE A WORLD RECORD AT THE WHITE CITY: (L. TO R.) MISS M. SLEMON; MISS D. LEATHER AND MISS N. SMALLEY. Three young athletes of Britain's "B" team broke the world record in the 3 by 880 yards women's relay race at the White City on August 3. Their time of 6 mins. 49 secs. was 11'6 secs. faster than the previous best. They beat the British "A" team by two yards.



A GIFT FOR THE QUEEN FROM THE IMAM OF YEMEN: AN ARAB STALLION CALLED *ALHELAL*.

On July 27 a gift for her Majesty from the Imam of Yemen arrived at the King George V. Dock, London. It consisted of two Arab horses, a stallion, *Alhelal* ("Crescent Moon") and a grey mare, *Al Masouda*, which means "The Lucky One." They were accompanied by an Arab groom, Abdullah Hussain Dos.



THE CORONATION TROPHY WHICH SIR HARRY BRITAIN HAS PRESENTED TO THE WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD. This cup, which is to be awarded to the winner of the Penillion contests (choruses with harp accompaniment), has been presented by Sir Harry Britain in memory of his late wife, Dame Alida Britain, who was herself a Bard of Wales, a harpist and an adjudicator at the Welsh National Eisteddfod. Her Bardic title was "Harpist of the White Dove."



EVIDENCE OF A ROMAN TEMPLE BENEATH ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH: A TESSELLATED PAVEMENT RECENTLY DISCOVERED. St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, was traditionally built on the site of a Roman temple. Recent excavations connected with the restoration tend to support this belief, and the discovery of this yellow, black and terracotta pavement suggests the presence at this level of a Roman temple or, possibly, villa.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

"THE flora of the British Isles is almost entirely an impoverished European flora." Those words were written by Sir Edward J. Salisbury, Director of the

Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, and, scientifically, they are, of course, absolutely true and correct. The flower-lover need be no botanist to realise the truth of the statement if he travels, eyes open, on the Continent, especially in the Alps.

Perhaps it is the relative poverty of our quota of wild flowers that makes us appreciate the best of those which we have with especial keenness and affection. And certainly among the best of our native wild flowers there are many species, which judged without prejudice or sentiment, may quite honestly be classed—in their respective families—among the world's loveliest and best. The spring gentian, *Gentiana verna*, is not a Swiss monopoly. It is a true, if rare, native of Britain. The brilliant dwarf mountain forget-me-not, *Myosotis alpestris*, is found in the Scottish Highlands and, personally, I prefer the consistently dwarf British form, with its flowers of deep sapphire-blue, to the more variable, dwarf or tall variety, common in the Alps, which is a light turquoise blue. Impoverished our flora may be, by Continental standards, but no one need feel poverty-stricken among the wealth of our British wild flowers. I have seen Swiss friends swoon with ecstasy and envy on seeing for the first time an English wood carpeted with acres of bluebells and primroses. If you live in the right part of the country, you can enjoy mile after roadside mile of misty blue meadow cranesbill, *Geranium pratense*. Many of our common, more abundant wild flowers give really splendid colour pageants. The rare and very rare species afford a thrill of discovery to the specialist.

It is a fortunate thing that many very rare and truly beautiful plants, both in the Alps and in this country, have the wisdom—or good fortune—to inhabit places from which they could never be exterminated. I have visited a good many such plants in their native fastnesses, both here and in the Alps, and if I took toll of them, in a small way, for future propagation and increase in cultivation, I did so with a clear conscience. The impregnability of their chosen cliffs and precipices reassured me as to their continued existence—and often terrified me as to my own. The extremely rare and local *Primula allionii* of the Maritime Alps is a typical example. It grows on the sheer face of stark precipices, from which only high explosives could dislodge it. It was only by timid creepings that I extracted a few specimens from the base of those cliffs. With *Daphne rupestris* it is the same, except that to reach its cliffs within the twenty-four hours took sixteen hours' hard going. The second time I visited the *Daphne* I made a two-day expedition of it, sleeping in a cowshed just below the cliffs. It was worth all the exertion. *Daphne rupestris* exists only in a very few remote locations, yet on its chosen precipices it is amazingly abundant, filling every crack and fissure in the iron-hard limestone with dense masses of its fragrant, waxy, rose-red blossoms. Two beautiful British natives which have this same gift of self-preservation by inhabiting cliffs, are the pigmy mountain forget-me-not, *Myosotis alpestris*, which I have already mentioned, and the Cheddar pink, *Dianthus caesi*us. I was taken by friends to see the forget-me-not near the summit of its lofty Highland mountain, which had wrapped itself in a mist so dense that it was a marvel how

THE CHEDDAR PINK.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

they found the plant's particular corrie. When we got there, the visibility for seeing small plants can not have been more than five or six yards. Although I found a few specimens within fairly easy reach, the majority were in far too "caretakerful" places for anyone to collect. I was glad, however, not to be tempted. I had plenty of this rare species growing at home. It is easy to grow, coming true from seed. A delightful rock-garden plant for stony crevices, a compact, pigmy forget-me-not, 2 or 3 ins. across, not more than an inch high when first opening, and deep, pure, vivid blue. This particular form of forget-me-not is known—among gardeners, at any rate

the top of the lovely mellow brick wall that enclosed our kitchen garden. There it flourished and produced a few self-sown seedlings, for about thirty years, when the place was let to such a good tenant that he had the wall pointed. That was the end of the Cheddar pink and of a few jolly wallflowers which had taken up residence near by. Fortunately, another brother had struck cuttings from the old original *caesi*us, and established them on a wall in his garden in Herefordshire. From those plants I in turn took cuttings about twenty years ago, and planted them near the edge of a stone trough garden, and these plants flourish and

flower just as freely and happily as if they were on a cliff at Cheddar, or in the crumbling mortar of a kitchen-garden wall.

A few years ago, when motoring down the Cheddar Gorge, I stopped and explored among the smaller, lower outcrops of limestone cliff in the hope of seeing *Dianthus caesi*us at home. I soon came upon several of the characteristic curtains of glaucous, blue-grey foliage, trailing from crevices in the face of a cliff. If it had not been that I had the plant growing at home I would not have hesitated to scramble up and, with my stick, poke off a few cuttings. To secure a whole plant, root and all, from that uncompromising rock-face would have been impossible. The plants that I found, after a few minutes' search, were within twenty or so yards of the road, and I could see many more specimens scattered over the impregnable cliffs above. The plant is safe for all time, in spite of being a great beauty, a desirable garden—and especially a wall- or rock-garden—plant, and in spite of growing within sight of a popular and much-frequented road through a famous beauty spot.

The flowers of the Cheddar pink, carried on 5- to 6- or 7-inch stems, are pure rose-pink, and powerfully and deliciously scented. The mat of blue-grey foliage makes a perfect background for the flowers.

*Dianthus caesi*us is a good garden plant, easy to grow and a lime lover. On an acid or peaty soil I would always suggest lime in some form for it—old mortar rubble for preference. It prefers some sort of raised position, either among rocks or in the face of a wall garden, though it does not absolutely insist on this amenity. But it is certainly more at home and more appropriately placed in a raised position than when squatting on the flat.

I am sorry, but I'm going to end discussion of this delightful plant on a disgruntled note. I looked up *Dianthus caesi*us in the R.H.S. "Dictionary of Gardening," as I often do look up plants about which I am writing. I got a shock right away. I found: "*D. caesi*us, a synonym of *D. gratianopolitanus*." On recovering consciousness, I turned to *Dianthus gratianopolitanus*. There is an illustration of the plant, alas one of those deplorable, almost childish caricatures

which disfigure the "Dictionary" in such great numbers. Here is a beautiful plant of great character misrepresented by what I can only describe as a scruffy scribble, which is recognisable as a dianthus but no more. The illustration of *Dianthus neglectus* on the opposite page is, if anything, even more depressing. The flowers are described as "red to deep flesh-colour." Red the flowers certainly are not, and as to flesh-colour, even deep flesh-colour—that is too vague unless—and this is not specified—what is meant is the colour of the Sunday sirloin when deeply cut into.

But the Cheddar pink—*Dianthus caesi*us of one's whole lifetime, now called *Dianthus*—no, no, it's too much, I refuse to copy out that revolting assortment of syllables all over again.



"THE CHEDDAR PINK . . . HAS LIVED IN MY FAMILY FOR SEVENTY OR MORE YEARS": AND ABOUT TWENTY YEARS AGO MR. ELLIOTT TOOK CUTTINGS FROM THE ORIGINAL STOCK "AND PLANTED THEM NEAR THE EDGE OF A STONE TROUGH GARDEN, [WHERE THEY] FLOURISH AND FLOWER AS FREELY AND HAPPILY AS IF THEY WERE ON A CLIFF AT CHEDDAR."



"THE FLOWERS OF THE CHEDDAR PINK, CARRIED ON 5- TO 6- OR 7-INCH STEMS, ARE PURE ROSE-PINK, AND POWERFULLY AND DELICIOUSLY SCENTED. THE MAT OF BLUE-GRAY FOLIAGE MAKES A PERFECT BACKGROUND FOR THE FLOWERS."

Photographs by J. R. Jameson.

—as *Myosotis rupicola*. In the R.H.S. "Dictionary of Gardening," under *Myosotis alpestris*, I find: "Related to *M. sylvatica* and *M. rupicola*"; and then, under *Myosotis rupicola*, it is given as "near *M. alpestris*, but only about 2 ins. high in tight cushions. Flowers azure-blue. European Alps. Moraine plant." No mention of the Scottish Highlands, unless they are included among the European Alps. As I saw *M. rupicola* in Scotland it was definitely a cliff-dweller rather than a scree plant.

The Cheddar pink, *Dianthus caesi*us, the true plant, complete with pedigree, has lived in my family for seventy or more years. My eldest brother collected the plant as a schoolboy in the Cheddar Gorge—it's only British habitat, and established it in a crevice on



INDICATING THE GREAT RECEPTION GIVEN TO THE WEST GERMAN-U.S. SCHEME FOR FREE FOOD DISTRIBUTION TO THE EAST GERMANS: A GREAT CROWD, SOME OF WHOM HAD TRAVELLED AS MUCH AS 75 MILES, WAITING OUTSIDE WILMERSDORF BOROUGH HALL, W. BERLIN.



A LONG SERPENTINE QUEUE OF EAST BERLINERS AT A FOOD DISTRIBUTION CENTRE IN WEST BERLIN. COMMUNIST DISAPPROVAL HAS DONE LITTLE TO HALT THE FLOW.

THE BERLIN FOOD DISTRIBUTIONS: U.S. AND WEST GERMAN GENEROSITY TO EAST GERMANY MEETS WITH AN EAGER ACCEPTANCE.

The distribution of free food to East Germans in West Berlin began on July 10 with President Eisenhower's offer of 15,000,000 dollars' worth of food to relieve East Germany, President Eisenhower seeking Russian co-operation at the same time. This co-operation was brusquely refused by Russia on July 12; and on July 13 the U.S. announced that the food was being sent. On July 14 in West Berlin, special amounts of food at cheap rates were offered for sale to East Berliners and this was eagerly accepted. By July 20 West Berlin boroughs were



EAST GERMAN WOMEN PACKING A FREE FOOD GIFT INTO A CHILD'S GO-CART. THEIR FACES ARE MASKED TO PREVENT COMMUNIST REPRISALS.

giving 5-mark vouchers to East Berliners to purchase this cheap food, and it was announced that West Germany would handle the U.S. food supplies. On July 22 it was announced that the food supplies would be given free; and a few days later the East German Government warned East Berliners not to accept this free food. Little attention was paid to this warning and by July 27 thousands were coming in from Saxony-Anhalt and Thuringia to join the Berlin queues. On July 29 extra supplies were flown into Berlin and the first U.S. food consignments arrived.

THE COMMONWEALTH AIR FORCES MEMORIAL AT COOPER'S HILL: WHICH THE QUEEN WILL OPEN ON OCT. 17.



THE SHRINE OF THE AIR FORCES MEMORIAL AT COOPER'S HILL. THE FIGURES ABOVE THE ARCH ARE "JUSTICE," "VICTORY" AND "COURAGE," IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE STONE OF REMEMBRANCE.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE COOPER'S HILL MEMORIAL, WITH THE R.A.F. BADGE AND MOTTO ABOVE THE THREE ARCHES OF THE ENTRY TO THE CLOISTERS.



COMPLETED AND TO BE UNVEILED BY HER MAJESTY ON OCTOBER 17: THE COOPER'S HILL MEMORIAL TO THE



WITH THE THAMES AND SEVEN COUNTIES LAID OUT BEFORE THE ONLOOKER: THE SUPERB VIEW FROM THE LOOK-OUT BALCONY OF THE

The Memorial, which the Imperial War Graves Commission have been building to the designs of Mr. Edward Maufe, R.A., is now completed, and is to be unveiled by her Majesty the Queen on October 17. It is dedicated to the men of the Air Forces of the Commonwealth who lost their lives in the last war while operating from bases in the United Kingdom and North-west Europe and who

have no known grave. It is sited on Cooper's Hill, on ground on the brow of the hill given by Sir Eugen and Lady Effie Millington-Drake and overlooking magnificent views of the Thames valley, with Windsor Castle and Runnymede as symbols of the history of our race. The memorial consists principally of cloisters and a shrine. The names of the 20,456 airmen are inscribed on the

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE: PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.



MAJOR LLOYD-GEORGE, MINISTER OF FOOD, REOPENING THE LONDON CORN EXCHANGE; WITH THE LORD MAYOR (R.) Major Lloyd-George, Minister of Food, formally reopened the rebuilt London Corn Exchange on July 27, in the presence of the Lord Mayor (right). The new building, designed by Mr. T. E. Heysham, F.R.I.B.A., replaces that destroyed by enemy action in May 1941; and occupies the same site.



DIED IN NEW YORK ON JULY 31: SENATOR ROBERT TAFT, THE GREAT AMERICAN REPUBLICAN. Died in hospital on July 31, aged sixty-three. Son of a Republican President, he was a great American citizen and the symbol of Republicanism in the United States for over a quarter of a century, although the honour of the Republican nomination eluded him four times.



WITH LORD TRENCHARD, DEPUTY PRESIDENT, AT THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNION RECEPTION: MR. ADLAI STEVENSON. Mr. Adlai Stevenson, Democratic candidate in the 1952 American Presidential election, arrived in London on July 22 on the last stage of his world tour. He has been entertained by Sir Winston and Lady Churchill and Lord Salisbury; and has been televised. At the English-Speaking Union reception 700 queued to shake hands with him.



WITH THE HOME-MADE "TANK" IN WHICH THEY SUCCESSFULLY CRASHED THROUGH THE IRON CURTAIN FRONTIER AND ESCAPED INTO BAVARIA: SIX OF THE PARTY OF EIGHT CZECHS. Eight Czechs successfully escaped into Bavaria early on July 25 in a home-made "Tank" in which they crashed through the frontier barbed wire. The leader of the party, a garage proprietor, had spent two years building the vehicle with heavy plates salvaged from a pre-war armored car. His companions were his wife, their two young children, two soldiers in uniform, a civilian and a Czech woman married to an American.



SIGNOR DE GASPERI, WHOSE RECENTLY FORMED CHRISTIAN DEMOCRAT MINORITY GOVERNMENT FELL ON JULY 28. On July 28 the recently formed Christian Democrat minority Italian Government headed by Signor de Gasperi, who has headed various Coalition Italian Ministries since July 14, 1951, was defeated on the vote of confidence in the Chamber by the narrow majority of nineteen. Consultations for the formation of a new Government were begun on July 29 by President Einaudi.



ROYAL WEDDING GUESTS: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET ARRIVING AT ST. MARY'S, HAMBLEDEN.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Kent and her daughter Princess Alexandra of Kent, were all present at the marriage on July 27 of Mr. Michael Charles Brand, son of the late Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Brand, and of Lady Rosabelle Brand, to the Hon. Laura



AFTER THE CEREMONY ON JULY 27: MR. MICHAEL CHARLES BRAND AND THE HON. MRS. BRAND, FORMERLY THE HON. LAURA SMITH.

Smith, daughter of the late Viscount Hambleden and of Viscountess Hambleden, of Manor House, Hambleden. The ceremony took place in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Hambleden, Henley-on-Thames, and the Bishop of Croydon officiated, assisted by the Rev. W. E. Watts.



IN THE PORCH OF ST. MARY'S, HAMBLEDEN: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT (L.) AND THE DUCHESS OF KENT WHO ATTENDED THE BRAND-SMITH WEDDING.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A CENTURY OF LETTER-WRITING.

By FRANK DAVIS.

nonsense, as he or she owns a magnificent English writing-table which is of tulipwood from top to bottom. It now occurs to me to ask why it was that the French were particularly fond of it—that is, more than our own people—and the answer probably is to be found not so much in deliberate choice as in chance. I suspect, though I don't know, that for some reason there were closer commercial contacts between South America and France than between South America and ourselves, and that the French cabinet-makers used a particularly beautiful wood which happened to be in good supply,

top cabinet and the curved tops to the side drawers, is familiar enough and is by general consent one of the most agreeable inventions of the late eighteenth century. It has always been known as a "Carlton House" writing-table, presumably because one or more were made for the Prince Regent's Palace, the successor to which is Carlton House Terrace. I am not, by the way, illustrating these two pieces with any idea of discussing the respective merits of French or English cabinet-making, for each has its obvious virtues (and maybe, vices), but to indicate as neatly as possible in

two photographs the kind of sober, well-disciplined luxury each country managed to evolve, and everyone will have his own opinion as to which he prefers; if you can not make up your mind, by far the best solution would be to give one to your wife and keep the other for yourself; advice which, I am convinced, would have commended itself to King Solomon if, faced by a similar dilemma, it would not have been necessary for him to have chosen one for himself and then found another 600.

Well, let us stay in England and look at the little walnut bureau of Fig. 2. First, in order to see the three pieces in their correct proportions, note their relative sizes. Fig. 3, the French bureau, is 4 ft. 10 ins. wide. Fig. 1, the "Carlton House" writing-table, is 3 ft. 3 ins. wide; Fig. 2 is only 1 ft. 10 ins. This is a Queen Anne (that is, very nearly a century before the "Carlton House" table) version of what the French were in due course to elaborate with infinite subtleties of marquetry, Sèvres inlay and what not into those engaging pieces of nonsense called variously *bureaux de dame* or—very charmingly—*bonheurs du jour*—and which the later English cabinet-makers translated into a more sedate prose style. By Queen Anne's time the pattern already had a fairly respectable ancestry; I think the first of its kind can be dated about 1670; and few things, to my mind, illustrate more convincingly the social changes of half a century; it

seems well established that there was no such thing as a writing bureau in the Palace of Whitehall during the reign of Charles I., whereas by 1700 such useful things as this were to be found in most houses with any pretensions to comfort. You can, of



(FIG. 1.) A SHERATON MAHOGANY "CARLTON HOUSE" WRITING-TABLE: THE CURVE OF THE FRONT AND THE TAPERING LEGS SHOULD BE NOTED. (3 ft. 3 ins. wide.)

"Though at a casual glance this writing-table is simplicity itself, there are certain minor elegancies about it . . ." (Christie's.)

and that is all there was to it. The ormolu handles and the mounts on the legs are uncommonly discreet—which is hardly an adjective one can apply to every piece of this kind; and the herring-bone pattern veneer, which shows up pretty well in the photograph, is sufficient to prevent the expanse of the ribbed cylindrical cover from becoming tiresome. But these pieces, with their magisterial curves, however sober their ornament, are not everyone's choice, and I dare say many will prefer the much lighter, and about forty or fifty years later, construction of the English writing-table of Fig. 1, on which the only pieces of metal are the handles and the pierced gallery on the top. Though at a casual glance this writing-table is simplicity itself, there are certain minor elegancies about it, small subtleties, which place it immediately in Class I. You will note



(FIG. 2.) WITH ONE LONG AND TWO SHORT OAK-LINED DRAWERS: A QUEEN ANNE WALNUT WRITING-TABLE. (1 ft. 10 ins. wide.)

"This is a Queen Anne (that is, very nearly a century before the 'Carlton House' table) version of what the French were in due course to elaborate with infinite subtleties of marquetry, Sèvres inlay and what not . . ." (Sotheby's.)

which is more than can be said by some painters of faces—and by that I don't mean portrait painters. This wood is tulipwood, which began to be imported from Brazil in considerable quantity towards the mid-eighteenth century, and can be lightish or reddish brown, very like mahogany, and was a favourite wood among French cabinet-makers. It was little used in these islands except towards the end of the century, and even then I can not call to mind a piece of furniture in which tulipwood is the main material as here; though having ventured upon this very guarded remark, I shall not be in the least surprised if someone does not write and point out that I am talking

that the front is not straight, but that the centre drawer of the three is slightly concave; by such differences are first-class things to be distinguished from ordinary. Then again in this piece the legs taper downwards—a small point, you will say, but many such writing-tables, especially those made after the same fashion about 1820, dispense with this refinement and have turned legs instead; the difference in line can be most marked in the clumsier specimens and you receive the impression that the legs have been added from stock and not tailored as part of a single whole. This is of mahogany, the banding is rosewood and the narrow lines are satinwood. The type, with its curved ends to the



(FIG. 3.) WITH CIRCULAR ORMOLU HANDLES CHISELLED WITH LAUREL LEAVES: A LOUIS XV. TULIPWOOD ROLL-TOP DESK. (4 ft. 10 ins. wide.)

This desk is carried out in tulipwood, "which began to be imported from Brazil in considerable quantity towards the mid-eighteenth century, and can be lightish or reddish brown." It should be noted that the veneer on the ribbed cover is laid on in a herring-bone pattern. (Sotheby's.)

course, see how it evolved. First a box for papers placed on a table; then you put legs to the box and a flap to fall forward and provide room for writing; add pigeon-holes and a drawer or two, and the world as we know it has begun. Turned legs, X-stretcher for strength, and the beautiful grain of walnut, what more do you want? Later generations provided the answer—the French in Fig. 3, ourselves in Fig. 1, and there's a whole century of letter-writing in a nutshell. Our ancestors did themselves proudly in this respect, and were not in the least worried when, as so frequently was the case, they hadn't the faintest notion how to spell.

PLANS FOR THE WORLD'S LARGEST MONUMENT: THE EVA PERON MAUSOLEUM.



THE PROJECTED £25,000,000 MEMORIAL TO SEÑORA PERON: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE INTERIOR OF THE HUGE MAUSOLEUM, RECALLING SOMEWHAT NAPOLEON'S TOMB.



(ABOVE.)
A MODEL OF THE SILVER SARCOPHAGUS AND STATUE, IN WHICH THE EMBALMED BODY OF SEÑORA PERON WILL LIE.

(LEFT.)
WITH TWO OF HER DESCAMISADOS SUPPORTING THE PEDestal: A MODEL OF THE STATUE OF SEÑORA PERON, IN THE ROTUNDA.

ON July 26 the Argentinian National Eva Peron Monument Committee published plans with photographs of models, concerning the projected form of this memorial. It is to take the form of a mausoleum to be erected in front of the Presidential residence, and will have the general shape of the model shown in the right-hand photograph. It will be 445 ft. high, or 150 ft. higher than New York's Statue of Liberty; and it will be dominated by a colossal statue of a *descamisado* ("shirtless one") or Argentine worker. This statue will be 195 ft. high and, it is claimed, the biggest statue in the world. The embalmed remains of Señora Peron will lie in a silver sarcophagus with a reclining sculpture of her within the rotunda below the great statue. The rotunda will also contain a large statue of Señora Peron, with two more *descamisados* at the foot of the pedestal. Three brass doors representing social justice, economic independence and political sovereignty will lead into the hall which contains the crypt. The cost is estimated at £25,000,000, which is being raised by voluntary subscription; and the designer is Tommasi, but the design is said to follow wishes expressed by Señora Peron herself and to have been inspired partly by her visit to Napoleon's tomb in Paris.



DESIGNED TO BE ONE OF THE WORLD'S TALLEST MONUMENTS: THE MODEL OF THE 445-FT.-HIGH EVA PERON MAUSOLEUM, TOPPED WITH A COLOSSAL STATUE OF AN ARGENTINE WORKER, 195 FT. HIGH.



BIRDS WHICH DELIGHT THE EYE OF THE SEASIDE HOLIDAY-MAKER: GANNETS TO WAGTAILS, DIVIDED

Leaving aside the ubiquitous gull, the wagtails and the members of the crow-family, the visitor to the sea-shore is presented with an entirely fresh group of birds, as compared with those found inland. The typical sea-birds are swimmers, divers and fishers, but the shore at low tide receives a shifting population, mainly of waders, adapted for feeding in mud or moist sand. In this picture the artist has brought together the birds most likely to be seen by a visitor to the coast, grouping them according to their habits or habitat. The greater mobility conferred on birds by their power of flight has enabled them to exploit a wide range of situations. They can, and many do, roost in one place and feed in another some distance away. They can nest in one locality, or even one part of the world, and spend the main part of

their lives, tens, hundreds or even thousands of miles away from it. On the edge of the sea, where the natural features are less obscured than inland, birds tend to be more obvious even than in the countryside, although often less approachable. This last, and the fact that in some species the plumage differs markedly with age and with the seasons, makes for a certain difficulty in identification, although in others the characteristic habits or appearance are unmistakable, even at long range. The gannet, diving like a plummet into the sea, identifiable a mile away, is perhaps the most obvious. It also represents the first of the classes into which the birds seen on or from the shore may be divided, namely, those that are habitually sea-going, using the land, and more particularly the outlying isolated islands, as a base, especially for

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

GIGANTIC SIBERIAN METEORITES: NOW STUDIED BY SOVIET SCIENTISTS.



(ABOVE.) SHOWING THE DAMAGE DONE TO FOREST TREES: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN NEAR WHERE THE TUNGUSKA METEORITE FELL IN 1908 IN CENTRAL SIBERIA. THE CHARRING AND BURNING OF TREES IS AN UNUSUAL FEATURE OF A METEORITE FALL.

TRUNCATED BY A FRAGMENT OF METEORITE: A TREE NEAR THE SPOT WHERE THE HUGE MASS FROM OUTER SPACE FELL AS A SHOWER OF METEORITES AT SIKHOTE-ALIN, NORTH OF VLADIVOSTOK, IN 1947.



INDICATING THEIR SIZE: THE CHAIRMAN OF THE METEORITE COMMITTEE, U.S.S.R. ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, STUDYING SIKHOTE-ALIN PIECES.



ONE OF THE 112 CRATERS (39½ FT. IN DIAMETER) CAUSED BY THE FALL OF THE HUGE SIKHOTE-ALIN METEORITE. THE MASS BURST IN THE AIR AND FELL AS A SHOWER.

Meteorites are masses of matter from outer space which, after travelling at planetary speed, fall on the earth. Some 1000 fall annually, but large meteorites such as two being studied by the Special Meteorite Committee of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences are rare. The Tunguska meteorite fell in Central Siberia in 1908, but was not studied till after the October revolution. Trees in open spaces in the vicinity were charred and destroyed. The original mass must have amounted to several million tons, but only a part reached the earth. In 1947 a

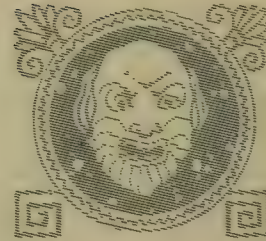
huge meteorite burst in the air in the Sikhote-Alin district north of Vladivostok, and fell as a shower. The number of craters found was 112, and they yielded fragments varying in size from 1 ton 14 cwt. to one of 0.18 grams. The fall of meteorites is heralded by startling phenomena of light and sound; the mass becomes incandescent and leaves a fiery trail: and sounds like thunder follow its disappearance. Fragments are usually only warm when they fall, thus the charring of trees at Tunguska was unusual.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

FORTE AND PIANO.

By ALAN DENT.



SELDOM have I known a film more immediately successful in its impact than "Call Me Madam." And this impact includes me, a critic who has to be severely wooed and won to a "musical" on the screen, and one who, moreover, in his capacity elsewhere as a dramatic critic thought not very much of the stage-show of the same name.

We are half-won at the very outset on being told that the film is about diplomatic relations between "two mythical countries," the Grand Duchy of Lichtenburg and the United States of America, and we are wholly won by the very first onslaught of Ethel Merman, who plays Mrs. Sally Adams, the U.S. Ambassador to Lichtenburg. The two American critics whom I most respect and revere had already prepared me for something tremendous in Miss Merman. George Jean Nathan, writing of this same show as it appeared on the New York stage, had apprised me: "This Ethel is a remarkable woman. She has the vitality of a half-dozen other singing comedienues rolled into one; she has the force and drive of a whole dozen. When Ethel is on the stage, the rest of the show sneaks abashed into the wings, to its profit. She takes over completely, and most of the others in the company, for all it matters then or thereafter, might as well go home. She takes over, in fact, even when some of the materials provided her would seriously embarrass a less purposeful performer."

When John Mason Brown saw her in 1946 in "Annie Get Your Gun," he wrote an eloquent and excited essay in which he almost entirely forgot to mention the show itself. For Mr. Brown she was like the Statue of Liberty, and as American as the Fourth of July: "Her energy is something that the United Nations might well look into, even if they could never hope to control it. She breezes onto the stage as a threat. Yet, since all she threatens is the equilibrium, Miss Merman could serve the scientists as a model. From her they might learn that it is possible to devastate without destroying, and only by delighting."

These two good critics always mean what they say. And now, with my first blinding and deafening vision of Ethel Merman in "Call Me Madam," I see what they mean! Besides her sheer power of attack, she is a very expert artist in timing and in witty suggestion. She is immensely ingratiating in all she does. Among the half-dozen artists Mr. Nathan wants to roll together to make something resembling her, I should suggest Marie Lloyd for gusto, Gracie Fields for ringing honesty, Cicely Courtneidge for resilience, and Margaret Dumont — that massive lady described crudely but comprehensively as "the dame who takes the raps from the Marx Brothers" — for sheer commanding presence. She is clamant, ineludible, immensely healthy; she is like a walk through a wood in a high wind.

There is really very little else to be said for or about

"Call Me Madam," which would, in fact, have been much more appropriately entitled "Call Me Merman." This lady ambassador takes with her as her Press

attaché young Donald O'Connor, and has to cope, on her arrival in Lichtenburg, with a Foreign Minister in the shape of George Sanders. In the circumstances

both actors do extremely well, and are overwhelmed only when they are obliged to sing duets with Miss Merman. The songs, being by Irving Berlin, are immensely hummable and whistleable, and such wit as there is largely consists of inverted platitudes. For example, somebody says: "There are more valuable things in life than money," and somebody answers: "That's what money is for—to buy them with!"

In extreme contrast to that whirlwind of noise, Miss Merman, is little Miss Leslie Caron, who is the heroine of "Lili." This is a zephyr of quietude. Miss Caron is easily remembered as dancing through the streets of Montmartre in the wake of Gene Kelly in "An American in Paris." She is, I understand, only twenty-one, and she has given out that she is already weary of being a dancer and wants to be an actress. Sarcey said of the great Réjane in her youth, that she redeemed her plainness by possessing a little, wide-awake "phiz" or "mug" (as one may best translate the word *frimousse*, which is a derogatory word for a face). Miss Caron's visage reminds me of this, except that hers is only half-awake. She is fully awake only when she is dancing, and in this film she elects to dance hardly at all. She pines instead out of hopeless love for a handsome conjuror (played by Jean-Pierre Aumont), and decides at the end to transfer her affection to an infatuated puppeteer (played by Mel Ferrer). The atmosphere, it will be gathered, is that of a touring fair, and I felt throughout that it might all have been more pungent and bizarre if some such director as John Huston had taken it in hand.

Better than any of the humans, in my opinion, are the four puppets with whom Miss Caron conducts a conversation. These, in fact, give the film its special flavour. But they, too, like the story, get a bit out of hand. The last five minutes of the film seem to me inter-

minable. This is a kind of balletic or dream sequence in which we are gradually made aware that the four puppets have turned into the three performers already mentioned, plus the conjuror's wife, who is played by the luscious and preposterous Miss Zsa Zsa Gabor. The result is something half puppetry and half ballet, all happening along an endlessly long, straight road in the manner of a Chaplin finale. It is fair to add that this silly sequence is exactly what has captivated most of my colleagues and set them lyrical with delight about "Lili." The whole thing reminds me of nothing so much as the whimsical romances of the late W. J. Locke. If you still like those, you will very much like "Lili."

It only remains to say that both of these films are conducted in Technicolor, a process which has now become so perfect that one hardly gives it any notice, for the reason that one is hardly aware of its existence. It is nowadays just taken for granted, like the greenness of the grass on your neighbour's lawn.



"CALL ME MADAM," WHICH WOULD, IN FACT, HAVE BEEN MUCH MORE APPROPRIATELY ENTITLED "CALL ME MERMAN," THE SCREEN VERSION OF THE MUSICAL STAGE SUCCESS WITH MUSIC AND LYRICS BY IRVING BERLIN, AT THE GAUMONT, HAYMARKET. MISS ETHEL MERMAN AS SALLY ADAMS, THE FABULOUS LADY AMBASSADOR FROM OKLAHOMA. "SHE IS CLAMANT, INELUDIBLE, IMMENSELY HEALTHY; SHE IS LIKE A WALK THROUGH A WOOD IN A HIGH WIND."



"IN EXTREME CONTRAST TO THAT WHIRLWIND OF NOISE, MISS MERMAN, IS LITTLE MISS LESLIE CARON, WHO IS THE HEROINE OF 'LILI,' AT THE EMPIRE. THIS IS A ZEPHYR OF QUIETNESS." SHE IS SHOWN WITH THE PUPPETEER PAUL (MEL FERRER; LEFT) AND JACQUOT (KURT KASZMAR), FELLOW TROUPERS IN THIS TALE OF A TRAVELLING FAIR, AT THE EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE.

"ROB ROY'S" EXPLOITS RE-PLAYED IN THE HIGHLANDS—FOR THE SCREEN.



THE BODY OF ROB ROY'S MOTHER, MURDERED BY MONTROSE'S MEN, CROSSING THE LOCH: ROB (RICHARD TODD) AND HELEN MARY (GLYNIS JOHNS) AT THE STERN.



WITH THE REMNANTS OF THE HIGHLANDERS: THE MOUNTED DRAGOONS, PLAYED BY OFFICERS OF THE 1ST BN. THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.



AS THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, SCOTTISH SUPPORTER OF THE HANOVERIAN CAUSE: JAMES ROBERTSON JUSTICE, ONE OF THE LEADING PLAYERS IN "ROB ROY."



AS ROB ROY, THE HIGHLAND HERO FAMOUS FOR HIS IMMENSE STRENGTH AND COURAGE: RICHARD TODD, WITH GLYNIS JOHNS AS HELEN MARY.



A MAGNIFICENT EVOCATION OF A CELEBRATED HISTORICAL FIGURE: MICHAEL GOUGH AS THE DUKE OF MONTROSE IN THE FILM OF "ROB ROY."

WALT DISNEY'S latest film to be made in this country is "Rob Roy," based on the life of the Scottish hero (Robert Macgregor, 1671-1734). The script by Lawrence Watkin is not based on Sir Walter Scott's novel. All the battle and action scenes of the film (which is due for its London release soon after Christmas) were made in the wild country where Rob Roy lived: and, by special permission of the War Office, men and officers of the 1st Bn. The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders took part, as Redcoats and Fencibles. It was this battalion which fought in Korea and received new Colours from the Queen during her Coronation visit to Edinburgh. One of the most dramatic sequences is the taking of Inversnaid fort by the Highlanders. A representation of the fortress—in lath and plaster—was built on the summit of Corrie Glennan, and so steep is the ascent that the materials were carried up by pack-horse. Richard Todd plays the name part, Glynis Johns is Helen Mary, Michael Gough the Duke of Montrose, and James Robertson Justice the Duke of Argyll.



THE ATTACK ON INVERNSNAID FORT: ROB ROY (RICHARD TODD) AND HIS HIGHLANDERS PREPARE FOR THE FINAL ASSAULT.

UNCOVERING THE "TOWER OF BABEL" OF CHOGA-ZAMBIL: NEW EXCAVATIONS

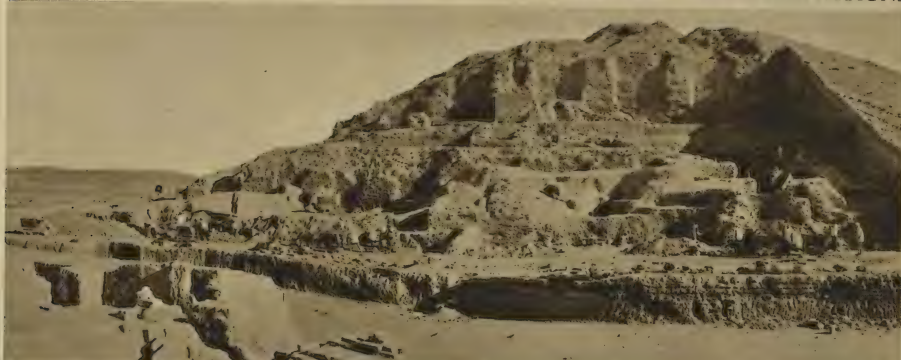


FIG. 1. THE ZIGGURAT OF THE ELAMITE KING UNTASH-HUBAN (THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C.) AT CHOGA-ZAMBIL, NEAR SUSA: THE NORTH-WEST FACE, FOLLOWING RECENT EXCAVATIONS. THE ZIGGURAT NOW REACHES 82 FT., AND ITS ORIGINAL HEIGHT IS ESTIMATED AS 148 FT.



FIG. 2. THE NORTH-WEST ENCLOSURE, FROM THE WEST. BESIDE THE WORKMAN (CENTRE) IS THE BRICK BASE OF AN ANIMAL STATUE; AND, A LITTLE LEFT, THE ENTRANCE TO THE SANCTUARY OF KIRIRISHA.



FIG. 3. THE NORTH-EAST ENCLOSURE FROM THE SOUTH, SHOWING THE GRADUATED RAMP (LEFT) WHICH PERHAPS PERMITTED CEREMONIAL PROCESSIONS TO APPROACH CLOSELY TO THE FACE OF THE ZIGGURAT.



FIG. 4. THE APPROACH STAIRWAY AND ENTRANCE TO THE CHAPEL IN THE NORTH-EAST FACE OF THE CHOGA-ZAMBIL ZIGGURAT. THERE IS A SIMILAR CHAPEL ON THE NORTH-WEST FACE.

25 metres (82 ft.), reached about 45 metres (148 ft.), and north-west), which have been partly cleared by the Mission, contains a chapel set in the lower massif and supplied with a stair (Fig. 4). Above the chapel there is a landing from which leads another stair with a double turn, which allows one to mount to the

(Continued opposite.)

In our issue of December 6, 1952, we published photographs and an article by Dr. R. Ghirshman, the Director of the French Archaeological Mission, on the work which the Mission had been doing at Choga-Zambil, the huge Elamite site in Khuzistan, in Persia, the principal feature of which is an enormous ziggurat for various deities of the Elamite pantheon such as Inshushinak, Nabu, Huban, Ishnigarak and Kiririsha. Work on this site has been continued, and concerning the last season's work, Dr. Ghirshman now writes:

THE French Archaeological Mission in Persia during last winter has been continuing its work on the sacred quarter of the Elamite site at Choga-Zambil, Susa. In the centre of this quarter rises a ziggurat, one of those stepped towers of the Sumer-Babylonian religion from which springs the famous passage in the Bible about the Tower of Babel. The excavation of this "sacred mountain" of Choga-Zambil allows us to identify in it two large superimposed masses of mud-brick, held in frameworks of baked bricks, each set on a low pedestal (Fig. 1). Everything leads us to believe that originally there were three successive monuments and that its height, which is now

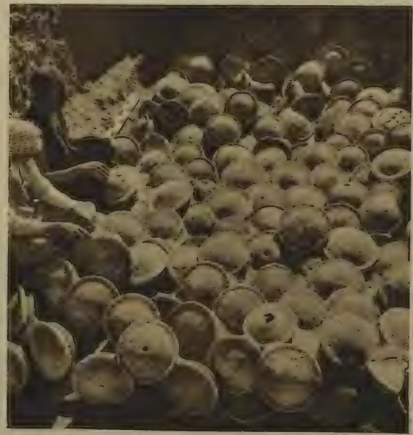


FIG. 5. PART OF THE DEPOSIT OF SEVERAL THOUSAND TERRACOTTA "NAILS"—WHOSE PURPOSE IS STILL OBSCURE, ALTHOUGH THEY MAY HAVE DECORATED A FACADE.

IN AND AROUND THE GREAT ZIGGURAT OF THE ELAMITE KING UNTASH-HUBAN.



FIG. 6. FOUND NEAR THE ALTAR OF ISHNIQARAB: A "POMMEL" OF TERRACOTTA, PAINTED WHITE AND BLUE AND BEARING A DEDICATION OF UNTASH-HUBAN.

FIG. 7. ONE OF A GROUP OF MORE THAN A HUNDRED VOTIVE MACES: A MACE OF WHITE STONE CARRYING AN INSCRIPTION OF KING UNTASH-HUBAN, OF THE 13TH CENTURY B.C.

FIG. 8. A VOTIVE MACE OF WHITE MARBLE SET IN A BRONZE MOUNT. LIKE FIG. 7, THIS WAS ONE OF THE MACES FOUND IN THE SANCTUARY OF THE GODDESS KIRIRISHA.



FIG. 9. THE MOST REMARKABLE OF THE BRONZE POWDS: A VOTIVE AXE, IN WHICH THE BLADE EMERGES FROM THE JAWS OF A LION, WHILE THE HEEL IS A COUCHANT BOAR IN GOLD OR ELECTRUM.

FIG. 10. SOME OF THE GROUP OF WEAPONS IN BRONZE FOUND NEAR THE SANCTUARY OF THE GODDESS KIRIRISHA.



FIG. 11. THE FIGURE OF A HORSE IN BRONZE IN FULL RELIEF, MOUNTED ON A PIECE OF BRONZE, WHOSE PURPOSE OR SIGNIFICANCE IS NOT, AS YET, CLEAR. FROM THE SANCTUARY OF KIRIRISHA.



FIG. 12. A BRONZE DISC WITH TWO FIGURES, APPARENTLY WITH HANDS JOINED, IN REPOUSSÉ. THIS, TOO, WAS PART OF THE HOARD APPARENTLY ABANDONED BY ROBBER, DISTURBED AT THEIR WORK.

(Continued.) terrace formed by the first massif. After clearing the northern angle of this, we tried a sounding in the thickness of the baked brick and so were able to discover an impressive deposit of several thousand "nails" of painted terracotta, the significance of which we have not yet been able completely to understand (Fig. 5). Huge enclosures surround the ziggurat. The one at the foot of the north face is equipped, near the chapel stair, with a ramp of three levels, which was perhaps designed to allow processions to reach

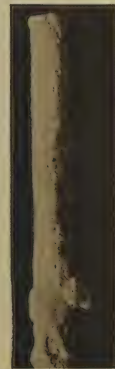


FIG. 13. A HAFT IN BRONZE, WITH A RAM CARVED IN RELIEF AT THE FOOT. FOUND NEAR THE VOTIVE AXE OF FIG. 9.

(Continued.) it was while penetrating into the sanctuary of the goddess Kiririsha that we discovered an important group of articles. Under a mass of more than a hundred maces (Figs. 7 and 8) in bronze, marble, hematite and alabaster, for the most part inscribed, were numerous objects in bronze. Beside daggers and knives (Fig. 10) lay axes, votive objects of which one in particular seems to be especially interesting (Fig. 9). Its blade emerges from the open jaws of a lion, while the heel is adorned with a couched boar in either gold or heavy electrum, finely carved. Nearby we discovered a haft in bronze decorated with a ram in high relief (Fig. 13): a horse in bronze in full relief (Fig. 11) crowning an object of which the significance is not clear; a disc of bronze (Fig. 12) with the image of two personages worked in repoussé; and several cylinder-seals (Fig. 14) in stone, frit and glass, some of them bearing royal names. It seems clear that all these objects come from various sanctuaries and that they had been collected into a heap by robbers who probably had to abandon their booty.



FIG. 14. TWO CYLINDER-SEALS IN STONE AND FRIT, WITH THEIR RESPECTIVE IMPRESSIONS. A NUMBER OF SUCH CYLINDER-SEALS IN STONE, FRIT AND GLASS WERE FOUND.

(Continued opposite.)

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IF a short raid across the proper boundaries of fiction was ever tempting and defensible, this is the moment. For while the line is never clear, this week it has the very character of a mirage. Here we have two imagined tales, and one "straight" chapter of experience. Autobiography and fiction—they can be tagged off-hand. Only, the tales are nothing if not fact, while the true record is a fantasy. Doubtless with fact abounding; but to have happened, or to be literally credible—which is the stamp of grace in the two novels—exhales no virtue in the history. Some things are true, others are "allegorical and true," and we are not invited to select.

But then, the novels are both English. "The Vermilion Boat," by Sudhin N. Ghose (Michael Joseph; 18s.), though international in culture to a rare degree, is also Indian to the backbone. If one can rightly talk of a backbone, where all is sinuous and convoluted. On its first page, the country boy is just off to the university. His guardian Jogin-Da ("everyone's elder brother") loudly forbids all converse with his fellow-passengers ("If you open your mouth you will be lost"), then fades away, together with our hero's purse, his ticket, and his luggage receipt. As someone says, no doubt he is collecting the refund. And after that, the trip resembles Alice's through the Third Square—though it has nothing like the same directness. A sudden loop in time switches us on to other days: Chandernagore, the student's grandmother and aunt, the far-flung, derelict old mansion with its Falcon's Rest, the misadventure with the cottonmouths. . . . Then the curve straightens out; and the young traveller—by now a headline figure, burdened with an imaginary lawsuit against all his kin—debouches penniless into Calcutta, in a general strike.

We may not know when to believe; but what a lot, amid the windings of this Student's Progress, we contrive to learn! The theme is everything by turns; lavish poetic farce mingles with archæology and legend, ritual and undergraduate debate, antics political and jingoistic, sectarian recipes for the good life, and, through and under all, that *Sturm und Drang*, that dread awakening to love, which is at once the root and flower of the whole narrative. Beauty and comedy have equal rights; the author venerates tradition, yet he is also a debunker of the purest ray. As for technique, he makes all Western addicts of the flashback seem by comparison unborn. For instance: in a holiday, unwary hour the hero finds himself marooned in a deserted street, between two mobs prowling for blood. Nothing, apparently, can save his life. And there we stand him up, to plunge into the Communist activities of "Comrade Chum," who, with Prem Swami, and his sect ("Brotherly love through chaste fish-like existence") is the debunker's leading joy. The scene will be played out in time; for, although everything is fluid, there are no loose ends, not even trifles unresolved. The main theme soars to its conclusion on the Ganges delta, with a religious fête, a beatific vision, an infernal storm, and a return on porpoise-back to the beloved. Myth and reality without a join; magic, and information too.

OTHER FICTION.

Then we shrink back into a literal and narrow world. "The Sea Shall Not Have Them," by John Harris (Hurst and Blackett; 9s. 6d.), is a reporter's novel destined for popularity on that account. Its art is to provide neat intelligence, on an inherently appealing subject, in dramatic form. This it achieves throughout; this and no more, but to the very limit of the genre. Therefore, its triumph will be fair enough.

Its theme is Air-Sea Rescue. In the last autumn of the war, a Hudson flying home with a V.I.P. is shot down off the Belgian coast. It has a crew of three, besides the great man and his precious "bag." All get aboard the rubber dinghy; but they are all soaked through, the skipper has a broken rib, and if not promptly found they will be lost. Since their transmitter packed up in the crash, no one knows where to look for them. Soon, owing to gale and cloud, aircraft reconnaissance is out; and meanwhile they are drifting on the enemy shore. There are three alternating scenes: the R.A.F. station in Suffolk, where the plane was due, the dinghy with its waterlogged "survivors," and H.S.L. 7525, one of the high-speed launches on its trail. This gallant, agonising little craft is both the stage *par excellence* and the collective hero of the hour. It has the widest range of types: Slingsby the demon "Flight," who by his own account "eats rivets and drinks blood," Skinner the duty-dodging wolf, Tebbitt the anguished bore, and young "Doc" Milliken, out on his maiden trip and nearly dead from the word go. Oddly enough, it is not Slingsby's demon competence but Skinner's dodging that secures the prize, without an inch to spare and literally at the cannon's mouth. This is a stirring episode indeed. The types are admirably marked; so is the dialogue. And the discomfort is unflaggingly superb.

"Penelope," by Ann Bullingham (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.), has the same kind of truth and the same grounding in experience, but no such lively prospect of success. Yet I enjoyed it perhaps more, and it is certainly the more unusual. Exciting, no. Its actors are not men at war, but infants at a village school; it offers nothing but a rosary of children's prattle, and the West Country seasons. Penelope commences scholar as a white-haired scrap, chiefly allured by the school car. Then learning marks her for its own; she is the brightest Infant yet—also the smallest, and most "chatter," and longest-eared. But luckily Miss Smith can cope; Miss Smith in the full tide of coping is at least half the book. Finally the village battleaxe, Miss Bugle, contrives to push her out, in favour of her own niece, who will do the housework. This scheme, with its triumphant breakdown, is the main event. But the real, delicate delight lies in the children's talk, the rural pageant of the months, the blend of small beer and idyllic charm.

"The Dreadful Hollow," by Nicholas Blake (Collins; 10s. 6d.), is of the glossy school of crime. It lifts from *Maud*, not just the disused quarry but the little wood, the ruined suicidal parent, even perhaps the daffodils—and certainly the quiet, small village with its flood of spite. Sophisticated, twopence-coloured, with an exciting climax, and the right criminal to boot.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

LIONS—POLITICAL AND THEATRICAL.

WHEN, in early youth, I used to be taken to the Zoo, it was my constant and very largely frustrated ambition to hear the lions roar. Lions were not really lions, I argued, unless they stood up, lifted their mighty heads, and roared. However, facts were against me; plenty of real lions, and not a roar between them. In later life, as happens to most of us, my point of view has been reversed. Now I am conscious of an almost continuous roaring, with scarcely a lion in sight. That is one of the many reasons why it gives me such pleasure and satisfaction to browse through Sir Winston Churchill's speeches delivered in 1951 and 1952, edited by his son Randolph, under the title "Stemming the Tide" (Cassell; 30s.). How much do these speeches lose by being reduced to the written word? It is almost impossible to read them aloud without doing one's petty best to reproduce those

rasping, growling tones, that curious lift and fall at the end of a sentence, those slurred sibilants, and that fractional check which tells us to open our ears because something good is coming, and we shall all want to be able to put our friends right when they try to quote it back to us to-morrow. I can not tell. Even the smallest pussy-cat is a Winston-imitator these days, and I have even heard the great felines on the Treasury Bench at it. Another question which this and similar books raises is whether the Churchillian style varies according to his audience and the occasion; whether, for instance, his House of Commons manner differs markedly from that which he adopts at the microphone or on the platform; how the speech on the great State occasion varies from the Election address. Differences there are, certainly, but the whole collection seems to me to bear an utterly characteristic hallmark. For instance, at a Woodford Constituency fête, Sir Winston could produce the following: "Never forget that fifty millions have come into being in Great Britain under the impulse and inspiration of former generations and now if our native genius is cribbed, cabined and confined, these fifty millions will be left physically stranded and gasping, like whales which swam upon the high tide into a bay from which the waters have now receded." This is as good as the famous example from his Party Political Broadcast of December 22, 1951: "If we can not earn our living by the intense exertions of our strength, our genius, our craftsmanship, our industry, there will be no time to emigrate the redundant millions for whom no food is grown at home; and we have no assurance that anyone else is going to keep the British Lion as a pet." No one rises so well to the inspiration of a moving hour. Read once more that great opening to the Prime Minister's broadcast on February 7, 1952, on the death of King George VI.: "My friends, when the death of the King was announced to us yesterday morning there struck a deep and solemn note in our lives which, as it resounded far and wide, stilled the clatter and traffic of twentieth-century life in many lands and made countless millions of human beings pause and look around them." Or what, on a lighter occasion, when a pungent jest or two is not out of place, could be more felicitous than this? "In these hard party fights under democratic conditions, as in football matches and the like, there are moments when the umpire gets a very rough time. If you, Mr. Speaker, in your tenure succeed to a more sedate period of office in which the quality of debate rises higher whilst passions cool, you will be more fortunate than your predecessor." There are 379 pages in this book, and I can not reproduce them all. But for sheer enjoyment I myself prefer the cut and thrust of debate, such as "I am sorry that the right Hon. Gentleman [Mr. Shinwell] should deprive himself of the consistency of his policy," and that glorious peroration castigating the Opposition, in reply to the motion of censure last December: "Far from moving a Motion of Censure on her Majesty's Government, they should shake and shiver in their shoes." Well roared, Lion!

The Americans are notoriously versatile and industrious, but I do not recall ever having read anything more breathless than the life of Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, by Egon Larsen, who describes his hero, tamely enough, as "An American in Europe" (Rider; 15s.). Count Rumford's pet subjects, I admit, are not mine. Domestic science, theories of heat, fuel-saving, social reform with special attention to the problem of beggars, citizen armies, pressure cookers and "music while you work"—these are all large questions to which you will not extract the answers from me. But Count Rumford knew them, and could give them (with tolerable accuracy) some century or so before his languid and dull-witted successors managed to make anything of the problems. It is hardly to be supposed that a man of these talents could avoid being a pedant. Not content with inventing a recipe for pudding, he carefully admonishes his readers how to eat it: "The pudding is to be eaten with a knife and fork, beginning at the circumference of the slice, and approaching regularly towards the centre, each piece of pudding being taken up with the fork, and dipped into the butter, or dipped into it in part only, as is commonly the case, before it is carried into the mouth." It is perhaps no wonder that he

complains: "I wish that I could make my writings palatable to the generality of readers, but that, I fear, is quite impossible." Palatability must perhaps be left to puddings.

I am among the many lovers of Shakespeare, and of Shakespeare of Stratford in particular, who will welcome Mr. T. C. Kemp and Mr. J. C. Trewin's history of "The Stratford Festival" (Cornish Bros.; 25s.). The two halves of the book—Mr. Trewin deals with early history, up to the establishment of the new Memorial Theatre, and Mr. Kemp with the later years up to the present day—are admirably matched. To write about past productions and past players is not easy, except for the type of eager specialist who can tell you who played what at His Majesty's in 1911, and Mr. Trewin holds our interest with great skill. I wish I could have been at the Costume Ball in 1907 when Marie Corelli turned up dressed entirely in artificial pansies, representing "There's pansies—that's for thoughts," from "Hamlet!" Mr. Kemp thinks well of Stratford's future prospects, and feels that the post-war renaissance is going steadily forward.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

"ANOTHER little long-cherished ambition realised!" I felt, as 300 chess players milled around me in Cheltenham Town Hall on July 25. For years I, who have enjoyed so many chess congresses as player or spectator, have yearned to organise one myself; and now my dreams had come true—and more people had come along to play in my Cheltenham Chess Festival, despite the counter-attractions, in August, of the seaside, than for any similar chess event since 1938.

What happens when you run out of dreams-come-true? Is it better to set your eyes on an unattainable horizon, as so many Eastern philosophers advise, or to decide on reasonably limited objectives and assure yourself, as the years go by, of some of the pleasures of fulfilment?

When Churchill was tactfully sounded on the question of retirement, he replied bluntly, so an M.P. friend of mine tells me: "Gladstone formed a Ministry at eighty-two!" Would Sir Winston do better to forget that mark now that he is so near it, and start thinking of the century?

Anyway, here I was surrounded by the friends I had brought together, incredibly distracted but incredibly happy. To my Open Championship Tournament had come Cenek Kottanar, who renounced Czech citizenship recently; Dragoslav Andric of Yugoslavia; J. H. Donner, who, but for the mighty shadow of ex-world champion Max Euwe would certainly be Holland's leading player; W. Heidenfeld, who has dominated South African chess for a decade; R. Persitz, a promising young player from Israel; and two of my friends from the Faeroes, Henry Olsen and Torarin Evensen. Challenging these were as representative a group of ambitious young British players as I have ever seen in one place, headed by L. W. Barden of Croydon and that brilliant young star who recently walked away with the British Universities Individual Championship, T. K. Hemingway of Bradford.

A tournament of youth! Of the names of the future—mark my words. With enterprise and brilliance the theme, rather than stodgy technique. Typical of the play was this delightful game won by the co-British Boy Champion against a fifteen-year-old Lee boy who himself shows exceptional promise for his years.

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

P. C.	M. MACDONALD-	P. C.	M. MACDONALD-
GIBBS.	ROSS.	GIBBS.	ROSS.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K4	P-QB4	7. KKt-K2	QKt-B3
2. Kt-QB3	P-Q3	8. P-Q4	P×P
3. P-KKt3	P-KKt3	9. Kt×P	P-QR3
4. B-Kt2	B-Kt2	10. Castles	Q-B2
5. P-Q3	P-K3	11. P-B4	P-QKt4?
6. B-K3	Kt-K2	12. KKt×KtP	P×Kt

A sacrifice of not unknown type, securing White not only three pawns for the knight, but also—the peculiar and the most important feature here—splendid attacking prospects along the open KB file on a misplaced king.

13. Kt×P Q-Q2 14. Kt×Pch K-B1
Though White's next move puts the king "on the spot," 14. . . K-Q1; 15. Kt×BPch would have been even worse.

15. P-B5!	B×P	19. Q-B3	Kt-B4
16. P×KP	Q×P	20. P×Kt	Q×Kt
17. R×Pch	K-Kt1	21. Q-Q5!	Q×Q
18. B-R6	B-R3	22. B×Q	Kt-Kt5

Black's situation is hopeless. Now came 23. R-B8 which, because it is double check, is mate!

"THE PASTONS": NORWICH CASTLE MUSEUM'S CORONATION YEAR EXHIBITION.



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"WILLIAM PASTON, SECOND AND LAST EARL OF YARMOUTH" (1652-1732): PAINTED C. 1675; ATT. BY DULEEP SINGH TO PIERRE MIGNARD. FORMERLY AT OXBURGH-HALL. LENT BY MRS. N. M. WILSON. (Oil on canvas; 29½ by 25 ins.)



"SIR HENRY BEDINGFELD WITH HIS WIFE MARGARET, NÉE PASTON, AND THEIR CHILDREN PROTECTED UNDER THE VIRGIN'S CLOAK." PROBABLY PAINTED C. 1660. LENT BY THE DOWAGER LADY BEDINGFELD. (Oil on canvas; 32 by 26 ins.)



"SIR WILLIAM PASTON IV." (1610-1663). ARTIST UNKNOWN. PAINTED C. 1640, AFTER SIR WILLIAM HAD TRAVELLED ABROAD. FORMERLY AT OXNEAD HALL. LENT BY MR. R. W. KETTON-CREMER. (Oil on canvas; 49½ by 41 ins.)



"THE YARMOUTH COLLECTION," A PAINTING DEPICTING PASTON TREASURES C. 1665. THE GIRL IS PROBABLY A DAUGHTER OF THE FIRST EARL OF YARMOUTH. NORWICH MUSEUM. (Oil on canvas; 65 by 97 ins.)



DEPICTED IN THE PAINTING OF "THE YARMOUTH COLLECTION": A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ENAMELLED CUP MOUNTING A STROMBUS SHELL OF ORIENTAL ORIGIN. NORWICH MUSEUM.

The Norwich Museums Committee had the happy inspiration of arranging a Paston Exhibition to mark the Coronation Year of Queen Elizabeth II., and it will continue until August 30. During a succession of reigns this Norfolk family was connected with the course of English history. "The turbulent life of fifteenth-century England from court and castle down to the manors and villages of our own remote countryside, is portrayed with incomparable vividness in their earlier letters," writes Mr. R. W. Ketton-Cremer in the introduction to the catalogue; and continues: "The Tudor Monarchs knew them as faithful servants

in times of prosperity, the Stuarts as loyal supporters in their days of adversity. They vanished from the scene more than two centuries ago, but their memory lingers and their relics are to be found all over East Anglia." The Paston Letters were first published by the Norfolk antiquary John Fenn in two volumes in 1787, and further selections appeared in 1789 and 1823, and Dr. James Gairdner's 1872-75 edition has been re-issued several times. The present exhibition includes period rooms arranged to suggest the kind of domestic interior occupied by members of the Paston family during the three centuries of their greatness.

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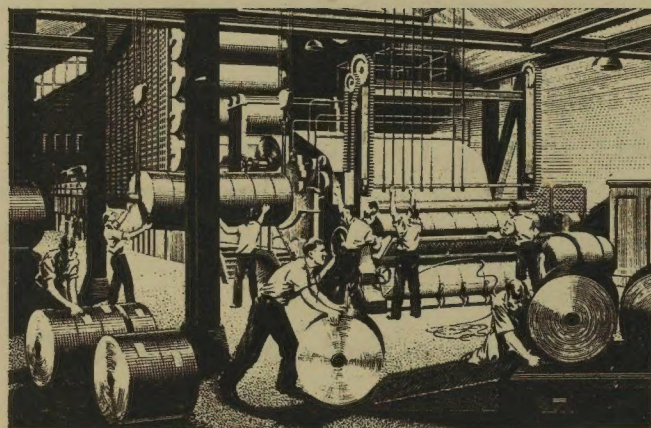
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